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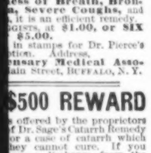
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Editorial.

PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE.

It has been well said that the plough lies at the basis of all our agricultural industry. It is in fact, the single implement that supplements the soil. All productive cultivation depends on the work of stirring and pulverization. We may possess the largest and most accurate knowledge of the characteristic properties and elements of the soil, but it would be all useless knowledge if we had not the plough to set the elements in active operation. It is an ancient agricultural implement, and hence the history of the improvements made in it is the history of agriculture itself. The preserved sculptures on the ancient tombs in Egypt and Asia Minor show that it possessed, four thousand years ago, essentially the same parts which it possesses to-day, thought it was operated wholly by man-power, next, cattle were employed for driving it, but the plough itself was unchanged, being made of wood, with a forked stick for the share. Later on, two handles were made for it, and the principle of the wedge was applied to the share, which was the second application of mechanics to agricultural implements.

At last winter's Country Meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Professor Alvord of the State College, gave an interesting account of the improvements which had been made in the plough since the date of the adoption of the principle of the wedge to the ploughshare, which was about eighteen hundred years before the Christian era. He said that the earliest written history of agricultural implements was that of Hesiod, between seven and eight hundred years before Christ. The origin of the plough is, of course, evolved by the old Greek poet from a legend, as that of everything else was. The plough, according to Hesiod, was indirectly the gift of the goddess Ceres, and being the gift of a god was reverenced by the ancients accordingly. And it is supposed to be on account of that reverence that they hesitated in making any changes in it from what it was when it was first known to them. When Virgil wrote Georgics, about the time of the Christian era, the wedge ran horizontally, and simply raised the earth. During the Middle Ages it was turned on edge; and about the time of William the Conqueror, in England, it was set up on edge, throwing the earth on either side indiscriminately.

Somewhere in the eleventh century the coulter appeared attached to the plough. About the same time wheels were used for guiding it, preceding the plough for that purpose. They assisted somewhat in the draft, and in regulating the depth of the ploughing. At this time the shape of the plough was sometimes a horizontal wedge, and sometimes a vertical wedge. No one had as yet conceived the idea of combining the two wedges in anything like a twist form. About the fifteenth century the mould-board first makes its appearance, to give width to the furrow. Improvements were afterwards made in the mould-board. In the Museum of the New York State Agricultural Society at Albany, are to be seen ploughs that answer perfectly to the descriptions of those of the years 1100 and 1500, as recorded in the old manuscripts of Great Britain. There are likewise ploughs there that are believed to be three and four hundred years old, answering these descriptions perfectly, duplicates of which may be found still in use in parts of Spain, France, and Italy.

A plough came over into England from Holland in 1750, which is known as the "Rotherham" plough, the word no doubt being a corruption of Rotterdam. That plough is the basis of all the progress made in the plough in England and Scotland for the last hundred years. The famous Jethro Tale applied himself assiduously to working out practical improvements on it, but without any practical effect. But within these hundred years, we of the United States have outstripped them all in improving this most necessary of all the implements used in agriculture. The first person we can find, remarked Prof. Alvord, who took a particular interest in developing the plough upon scientific principles was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, who, while Minister to France, made a record, still to be read in his Note Book, of the unscientific and impracticable character of the ploughs used by the French peasants. It was Jefferson who first gave public expression to the idea of making the mould-board on the principle of the twist,—the recognized principle of the correct mould-board of the plough to-day.

Jefferson submitted two papers on the construction of the plough to eminent scientific societies before he returned to America, and both in France and Great Britain he is regarded to-day as the real author of the first plough made on scientific principles. after he returned home to the United States, he constructed ploughs after his own design, and is considered to be the first to have the entire mould-board made of iron. He certainly was the first in this country. Next to Jefferson stands Daniel Webster in respect to the intelligent interest taken in the improvements of the plough on scientific principles. To him the agricultural world acknowledges its indebtedness for a marked advance in the developement and progress of the plough. One of the successful ploughs of our own time is the invention of Govenor Holbrook, who perfected the geometrical demonstration of the construction of mould-boards, so that any number of ploughs could be made of a given size for a given purpose, and all alike. Thus we see that the plough has always been the study of some of the foremost men of their day and generation.

AUGUST ON THE FARM.

Weeds.—There is no month in the year that weeds grow more rapidly than that of the month of August, yet few farmers seem to realize it, their hoed crops having most of them nearly covered the ground, but little thought is given to the weeds which are availing themselves of every inch of open space that the sun can reach, even for a few moments, to perfect themselves, and ripen seed for a crop of weeds another year. If a hill of corn or potatoes, for any reason, fail to make a vigorous growth, the weeds will take advantage of any weakness, and will grow in such numbers, and to a size, that will soon overshadow the weak hills.

The farmer who expects to make the most of his labor will always be on the watch for weeds among weak plants, and will destroy them before they get large enough to injure the crops, even though he has to keep up cultivation until September. As a rule the early hoed crops need not be cultivated much after the middle of July; the weeds that come after that date must be pulled by hand; this it is true is slow work, but if it be done on all the cultivated land for a few years the farm will be so thoroughly cleared of weed-seeds that the work of keeping down the weeds will be comparatively light. An acre of land that has been thoroughly cleared of weed seeds is really worth, for cultivation, twice as much as an acre that is full of weed-seeds; this is a fact that every farmer should understand, if he did, instead of permitting his cultivated land to increase in weeds, he would exert himself to kill out all of the weeds, that his land might be devoted entirely to the production of desirable plants, and that he might be relieved from the burdensome task of pulling weeds in August.

While some farmers are very careful to keep down the weeds among their hoed crops, they entirely neglect those on the borders of the ploughed fields, and let them ripen their seeds unmolested; this is entirely wrong, for it would require but a short time to cut them with a scythe, and thus prevent seeding. If the weeds are permitted to ripen in such places, they will furnish seeds enough to seed the whole field the next season. The weeds around the waste places of the farm should be cut at least twice a year.

The Potato Crop.—The wet weather in July greatly injured many fields of potatoes that were planted before the middle of May; a large proportion of the leaves have turned yellow and on some fields they have turned black. As the potatoes on such fields have evidently stopped growing, the sooner they are dug the better, and as there is danger of the rot they should be sold for immediate consumption. To let such potatoes remain in the ground until cool weather is to run the risk of loosing the entire crop. The indication now is that late planted potatoes will be much the best, as they have kept a dark green during the wet season and show no signs of blast. As a rule, the early potatoes in Massachusetts succeed the best, but last year was an exception, and this year promises to be an exception also.

Pastures.—Not having had a protracted drouth this year, the first of August finds the pastures in excellent condition; this will give the farmer an advantage over a dry year. The first crop of hay was a full average and the second crop promises to be large, much above an average; so unless there is a severe drouth during the latter part of the season, the farmer will be in a condition the coming winter to feed a larger number of animals than usual.

Pastures that appear to be running out should receive a dressing of ground bone and muriate of potash, 300 pounds of the former to 200 pounds of the latter to each acre. There is no better time to apply fertilizers to pastures than during August and September. An effort should be made to make the application just before a good rain. If the varieties of valuable grasses have run out, it is a good plan to sow on each acre a few pounds each of rod top, timothy, red and white clover, and blue grass. The seed should be harrowed in with a heavy sharp toothed harrow. Pastures are neglected altogether too much, it is just as profitable to manure a pasture as a mowing field, for it not only furnishes the stock with more food, but with food that is of a much better quality. A herd of cows will do better and be more healthy in a pasture that has been manured than they will in one all run down, though the number of cows be increased in the proportion to the increased quantity of grass which the manure causes to grow. It is much better to manure the pasture so it will produce all the feed needed for the farm stock, than it is to let it run down, and then to keep the stock, turn them into the mowing fields after one or two crops of hay have been cut. This practice of feeding mowing fields is a great injury to the land, and soon greatly reduces the amount of the hay crop; in a few years the productive capacity of the farm will be greatly reduced.

Fall Chickens.—There is no season of the year when chicks can be raised so cheap as when hatched out early in September; at this season of the year the number of insects is very large and if the chicks be permitted to have a wide range they will live principally on bugs and worms; this greatly reduces the amount of grain required to keep up a vigorous growth. Chicks hatched out in September, if properly cared for will begin to lay by the first of March, and the male birds will be in a condition to bring good prices early in the spring. Those who keep large numbers of hens for eggs should hatch chicks twice a year and thus secure a more uniform number of eggs during each month, than they would if all were hatched at one time.

—Feather eating, with which some breeders are troubled, is caused by idleness and a lack of suitable food. Strew the poultry house floor with dry leaves laid up in the fall for the purpose, or use cut straw and scatter the grain food so the fowls will have to scratch for it. Give a variety of food in which wheat or bran or both form a considerable part. A little cooked meat occasionally will be useful also finely powdered fresh bones. A little salt may do no harm, some feeders consider it indispensable to success. Much would be injurious.

Questions & Answers

A SICK HORSE.

To the Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman.

I have a roan farm horse which for nearly a year has been troubled with diarhœa. The horse is run down a great deal in flesh, And as to eating she is eating all the time and then cannot eat enough. Can you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper what to do, and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Ipswich, June 22.

As you have stated the horse is "eating all the time," that is sufficient cause for the unnatural action of the bowels. The horse undoubtedly has an unhealthy appetite; therefore he should be fed regularly three times a day with only a sufficient quantity to be eaten up in a short time. Feed from nine to twelve lbs. of old hay, and eight qts. of oats divided into the three feeds would be about the proper quantity for an ordinary horse. Do not give water at meal times.—Ed.]

WHEN TO SOW ORCHARD GRASS SEED?

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Is it a good plan to sow orchard grass seed in the fall, or would it be better to wait until spring? The soil is dry. Please reply through the columns of the *Ploughman*, and oblige a subscriber for nearly forty years.

South Framingham, Mass.

[It would be well to sow by the first of September, or delay even the sowing until November, just before the land freezes up. Land being dry is not against sowing when ready, as the seed would not start until after rain.—[Ed.

HINTS TO CHEESE-MAKERS.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

This is the season when witches get into the cheese-vat. There are many sources through which they may enter.

1. The cows may be kept in scant pastures without shade, the broiling sun pouring down upon their unprotected backs from morning until night. This is annoying and injurious to health, causing a feverish condition of the system, which is communicated to the milk and aids in the development of floating curds. The good dairyman provides his cows with an abundance of shade and sees to it that they do not have to labor all day in a dried-up pasture to get a scant supply of food, but have a sufficiency to eat and time to lie down in cool places, chew the cud, dream, and secrete good, wholesome milk.

2. Cows are too often compelled to get their supply of water from stagnant ponds and pools. These are teeming with animal and vegetable forms of life, of a microscopic character, which are taken into the stomach and enter into the circulatory system. Experiments made at Cornell University, some years ago, showed that these minute organisms and spores not only go into the blood, where they are found, but into the milk which is elaborated from the blood, rendering it unfit for human food. Such milk will play the very mischief in the cheese-vat, turning out cheeses that when cured are known as "stinkers." Pure water and plenty of it, are absolutely essential to the production of sound milk.

3. At this season of the year the air is full of all sorts of microscopic life, the germs of which are floating and settling everywhere. They are most plentiful in stables, barnyards, sheds, etc., and wherever there is fermenting and decaying matter. If the cows are milked in such a place these microbes will be inhaled by the cows and enter into the general circulation and thence into the milk, and they will also fall into the milk-pails and cans, and contaminate milk by direct contact. It is declared by good authority that if the cows breathe a foul atmosphere for fifteen minutes the foulness will show in the flavor of the milk and injure its keeping qualities. These microbes may not at once show in the cheese-vat, but they will develop sooner or later, and their effects will be seen in the cheeses on the ranges. Therefore, all places and those vicinities where cows are milked cannot be kept too clean nor be too thoroughly deodorized.

4. The milk may be injured by improper handling. It may not be properly cooled at night, and, therefore, taint or sour. It may be too closely confined in the cans while hot, and in this way become tainted. It may be carried to the factory in cans not properly ventilated, and be exposed for a long time on the road to the hot rays of the sun, which will develop taint. The hot milk of the morning's milking may be poured into the cold night's milk, thus hastening the decomposition of the latter by raising the temperature, and through this, tainting and souring the whole batch. Care should be taken to keep the night's and morning's milk separate unless the latter is thoroughly cooled before the two are mixed. The other causes of early taint and decomposition should, of course, be avoided and guarded against.

5. Ferments and taints may collect in the sharp corners and crevices of the vats and implements used in the cheese factory. The strainers and conductors may not be properly washed and scalded, the thermometer even may become loaded with injurious germs, and so of everything that comes in contact with the milk or curd, not forgetting every faucet. The renner preparation may get tainted and unfit to use if not kept in a cool place. The floors may become sources of mischief, and ought to be scrupulously clean. All sink-holes and pools around the factory, all spouts and places where whey may spill and become corrupt, should be watched and carefully cleansed. The invisible forces are active, and will put in their work whenever they can get a chance. Be on your guard against their insidiuous entry.

6 After all is said and done, if your curing room is not right, the witches may play the mischief with you there. The best of curds may be spoiled by the worst of curing-rooms—one in which the temperature rises and falls with the changes outside. The curing-room should be so constructed as to be under perfect control of temperature, and be kept at not higher than 70 degrees or lower than 65. But very few curing rooms are of this character, and this accounts for a large share of the poor or indifferent cheese thrown upon the market, while entailing heavy losses upon all whose income depends upon the receipts of the factory. All curing-rooms should have double walls, with two or three, or more dead-air spaces and double windows and properly constructed ventilators. In the absense of these essentials, the best that the cheese-maker can do is to open his windows at night, letting in the cool air, and carefully keep them closed through the heat of the day. The importance of curing-rooms so constructed that the temperature in them can be properly controled is not yet understood by the great majority of dairymen. Close attention to this is one of the desiderata of the day.—[Cor. Rural New Yorker.

—The currant worm should be destroyed while small with dust of hellebore or pyrethaum. The latter being perfectly harmless, is to be more highly recommended.

GRADE SHORT-HORN STEER "JOHN SHERMAN."

Grand Sweepstakes Steer at First Great Fat Stock Show, Chicago. Owned by John D. Gillette, Elkhart City, Ill.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—Provide animals in pasture with shade.

—Sow flat turnip seed when peas are taken off.

—Sow old fields to grass as early as August.

—Employ extra help for the kitchen as well as the field during harvest.

—Mow bushes and briers about walls and rocks. Better do it just before a storm.

— Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people. That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.

—After haying, go to the seashore or elsewhere for a day or two. The boys will enjoy it, and so will the girls, of course.

— Turn over grass land that has run out; dress and sow to grass again. Meadow land should certainly be treated in this way.

— Farmers of Flint township, Genesee Co., N. Y., complain that English sparrows have almost destroyed their wheat crop.

—Celery is the most important of the second crops, and the one perhaps which is cultivated more by the masses than any other.

—One of the most important crops which truck farmers cultivate almost universally throughout the country is that of some variety of beans.

—A cow is the saint of the barnyard. She could be fat if she only would be selfish. But she economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk.

— A day in the woods with every business care thrown to the winds, is quite as refreshing to the over-worked mechanic or farmer, as to the merchant or lawyer.

—The *Poultry Yard* advocates quick fattening for fowls when they are intended for table use, and recommends milk in any state, from fresh to thick. This should be fed in connection with a grain diet.

—Leg weakness in fowls is the result of rapid growth, and is best met with animal food and tonics. A little meat or worms should be added to the food every day, and a little tincture of iron dropped in the drinking water.

—SEATS IN THE HIGHWAY SHADE.—These put up at public expense are common all along the streets and boulevards of Paris and many other European cities. A good idea to be taken up in this country in many places where streets are adorned with shade trees.

—The run of a henhouse should be dug up every morning. Each time the yard is spaded sprinkle in a pint or more of oats. this will keep the hens busy, and the grain that escapes biddie will sprout in a few days and afford the poultry a dessert of green oats.

— Lima beans are grown on nearly every farm for the market and for home consumption. A more profitable crop or a more palatable dish, canned or grown than green beans, when picked fresh from the vines in the cool of the morning before the dew has had time to evaporate, and shelled by ready fingers for the noon-day meal.

— The Kerry cattle are beginning to attract much attention from American breeders. The well-known hardiness and good milking qualities of this little breed, as well as the very excellent quality of the meat produced, combined with their thrift on poor, coarse fare, and in bleak exposed situations, render them valuable for sections so situated.

— Mr. F. H. Howard, of Belfast, is the largest bee raiser in town. He wintered twenty-three hives, and has sold seventeen this summer. For a week or so the new bees have swarmed, and Mr. Howard has been kept busy. One day he took care of seven swarms and the next day six. He now has thirty-one swarms, and expects to have half a ton of honey this fall.

— Gardeners who train their tomato plants also practice pinching back the side branches and stopping others just beyond where the fruit is formed. This thinning out needs to be judiciously done. A little brush or straw is sometimes placed around vines trained as described, to prevent any of the fruit from touching the ground, thus keeping it in good condition. Any device that will keep the vines upright, of course, answers essentially the same purpose as the ones mentioned.

SETTING STRAWBERRY PLANTS IN AUGUST.

J. F. C. Hyde says in the Congregationalist that the spring is regarded as the safer and better time to set strawberry plants, but many neglect or are not able to do this work at that season, or they may wish to obtain large fruit in the shortest possible time, and such persons can set out plants in August, and secure a good crop the next season.

In order to realize the best results under such circumstances, the land must be deeply and thoroughly plowed and highly dressed, and put into the best possible condition ready for the plants, which should be potted plants that may be turned out of the pots without disturbing the ball of earth. As the weather is generally dry in August, they will probably need watering, especially if they are not taken from pots, and if the dry, hot weather continues, it will be better to water in either case. It is a good plan to cover the plants with fresh cut grass or hay to shade them, for a day or two after they are set, to prevent the evaporation of moisture from the soil. Care should be taken that the plants are not pot-bound, for loose plants without earth about them are better than pot-bound plants. Allow such plants to make no runners, but grow them in hills the first year. Very large fruit may be secured in this way, and excellent crops, too. For common cultivation we should prefer the cheaper and better spring planting, which most fruit growers practice.

FATTENING CATTLE.

Western Rural, Ill.

The Guelph Agricultural College has issued a bulletin giving the results of two experiments in feeding cattle. In previous years they have tested the value of different kinds of grain separately in the fattening of stores, but never bran thoroughly against any of them, or a mixture of them. The prominence now given to the bran of wheat in feeding milch cows decided the experiment reported in Bulletin XII, and in association with it they conducted another last winter with exactly the like kinds of food in fattening store steers. Eight animals were thus handled, all being short-horn grade steers two years old, three only of which could be held as tops of their kind, and the others but ordinary specimens. They were got in October, 1886, and put up to good stall feeding until the beginning of the test on 28th February following. The lot was made into two equals groups, balancing everything as usual to the best of our knowledge, and changing during periods of the sixty-eight days and ten days. The two rations per 1lb. head per day were: A, eighteen pounds bran, nine pounds timothy and clover hay, and thirty pounds turnips. B, ten pounds of equal weights of ground pea, oats, barley and corn with nine pounds hay and thirty pounds turnips. Upon the grain (B), all over the two periods, the average animal ate daily 7lb. 1,347 and came out 1,361 pounds. Upon bran (A), all over the same periods, the average entry was 1,330 and the closing weight 1,382 pounds per head. These brief statements of the whole experiment are so astonishing that recapitulation in another form is desirable.

1. Group I, on grain began at 1,334 and closed at 1,360, having increased only twenty-six pounds per head in thirty-three days. When changed to bran the average animal increased from 1,360 to 1,403 pounds in thirty-five days. Group II. on bran started at 1,300 and closed with 1,361, thus increasing sixty-one pounds in thirty-three days, and when changed to grain the average animal ran from 1,361 to 1,382 in thirty-five days. Altogether, then, there has been a mean daily per head-increase, from all sources over all the period, of over one (1.10) pound to the live weight. Grain gave a daily rate of two-thirds (.69) of a pound, and bran fully a pound and a half (1.53) per head daily. Animals were in good health and had no trouble, except that of bloated thrice when on bran, and hence would be an item asking for credit to that ration. They have never had the same experience with a lot of stores. During the last eleven years with them the average daily increase to weight by many kinds of feed has been 2.03 pounds, the lowest 1.60, the highest 2.70. Besides, on almost an exactly similar ration to this grain (B), they have obtained in past years a mean of 2.25, so that they are in trouble in having to account for the unusual circumstances of the general bad doing, without reference to the specialties meantime. One thing is evident in this experiment, namely, that the conduct of each group has been very uniform, but all over there was a decidedly under-average lot of cattle. Quality was wanting in the majority, and few were hearty feeders. Nevertheless there was uniform health, and so far as regards agents for experimentation, the conditions were precisely alike, with the reflection that treating such a class of animals to a variety of things would most likely be better for them, as against one kind of food in abundance.

The nutrative ratio of the bran diet is 1:5 04, and of the mixture of grain 1:5 64, which, though not always necessarily the best evidence of the feeding value, is a guide, and indicates in this case that the hay and roots with the bran was about twelve per cent. richer than the other ration. The two may be placed for all practical purposes at equal market value, and thus we have an increased interest in the competition. That growing cattle life, especially set aside to produce beet during Winter, should be more than doubled in added weight by the consumption of eighteen pounds of wheat bran as against ten pounds of a mixture of our best cereals and the pea, seems hardly possible from a farmer's reasoning. The point is not only one of considerable importance; it is one of physiological interest, the more so as we have had the milking cow and the feeding steer giving such different results. Take the latter fact first of all: As shown in a previous bulletin, a spayed cow—an agent of the very best kind by the way—not only gave somewhat less milk on eighteen pounds of bran per day, but that milk was seventeen per cent. less in butter fat than when she got the ten pounds of the mixture of the grain in question. Is bran, then, by its higher concentrated and less diagestible character, better adapted to produce fat and flesh than milk and milk fat? It has most unquestionably said so in these tests, and while further prosecution of the enquiry may alter results to some extent, the facts so far are too prominent to be set aside as belonging to any unusual circumstances.

"We do not enter upon the chemical bearings of the experiments at present, because Professor James has not yet completed analyses of fodders and the manure obtained. It will be matter of much interest to all feeders to note that while the cow ate both rations freely and left nothing to re-weigh, the steers did not consume all the bran ration, but left an average of two and a half pounds per head per day; at the same time the well-balanced grain ration was cleaned up by the steers, and possibly they would have taken more. It appears then, that fattening stores cannot make use of more than fifteen pounds bran in association with thirty pounds turnips and nine pounds hay daily per head. But further, the cost of production should not be overlooked even in an introductory test. In Bulletin twelve we said that bran was not only able to maintain animal life and waste, but to give dairy products only two cents less in value per day in correspondence with the same market value of the grain ration. Now we have fattening steers that not only gave 100 per cent more daily increase but did so at one cent per head less cost when the food was regulated by bran as against grain. We close meantime with the memorandum that apparently the exact place of wheat bran as food for cattle is not clear enough to justify anyone in an irregular and indefinite use of it, for:

"1. Is its general chemical standing yet a steady thing?

"2. How much of its properities is assimilated by the animal system in different cases?

"3. Is it really of more value as a fertilizer after passing through the animal than it was previously?

"4. Is it always better dry than wet when fed?

"5. Should it be mixed with other food, and what kinds?

"6. What is its place in association with pasture?

"7. What are the maximum economical quantities in different cases?"

BOB VEAL.—IS IT SO BAD?

"What objection is there to bob veal, anyway?" My objection lies in impressions imbibed from early education. I was taught to believe that veal less than four weeks old was unfit for human food for some mysterious reason never explained. I was so instructed by my parents not only, but the concurrent feeling of the whole neighborhood to the extent of my knowledge ran in the same direction. Veal even a day or two less than four weeks old was held to be decidedly objectionable, and the idea of eating it from two to five days old was perfectly abhorrent. Of course my childish mind accepted the common opinion with implicit confidence, just as children generally take in and retain through life the earnest convictions of older friends in whom they have confidence, whether those convictions are well or ill founded. With prejudices against it grown into my very nature, I don't want any bob veal on my plate, whether good or bad. But when I look at the matter from a standpoint of reason and common sense, I cannot for the life of me see where the terribly obnoxious features come in. In respect to this particular article of diet, I am in a position very much like that of a lady in Bradford, England, who, having imbibed the impression, more common in England some years ago than now, that there was something vulgar if not positively nasty in American products, could not eat either American ham or American beef without having her stomach so revolt against it as to throw it up; but when American beef was called "English," and she believed it to be such, she could eat it with a gusto and the happiest effects.

I once dined several days in succession on bob veal. Had I known the fact in season it would no doubt have gone the way of the English lady's American beef. I noticed the peculiarities and taste of the veal and remember them now as distinctly as if I had eaten it an hour ago. The flesh was tender and juicy to the extent of seeming a little slippery, and the fibres of the muscles were less firmly knit together than those of older calves. The flavor was clean and good, but was less pronounced and full than that of veal four to six weeks old—rather insipid as compared with average veal, and I suspect a little less nutritious. The effects from eating it were not different from those which follow eating common veal, and as I have survived the event forty years I conclude that eating the flesh of a new-born calf is no "killing affair." There was nothing in this experience that gave ground for any reasonable objection to its use as human food, yet nothing short of absolute starvation could induce me to eat it knowingly. I would not, for the same cause, eat horse beef, which the experience of Frenchmen has proved to be palatable and wholesome; and it would require a desperate struggle to make a dinner of brains (though there is reason for regarding them as the very best of animal food), my early education being so much "in that way." Like colors "dyed in the wool," the impressions of early life are so ground into our very natures that they have a stronger control over the will than reason. How important that they be well founded! Though I shall never use any of these things for food so long as I can select my diet, I have no objection to their use by others who do not spleen against them. Such are my objections to bob veal, and from discussing its merits with others I am quite confident that the current hostility to its use accords well with my own, and has no better foundation.—[Professor L. B. Arnold in N. Y. Tribune.

AN AGRICULTURAL MILLENNIUM.

A farmer of hopeful disposition thus confidently discourses, in the Country Gentleman, of a time when weeds shall be no more and agriculture become the ideal pursuit imagined by city amateurs — before they put their hand to it: The time is coming when the most successful farmers will have but very few weeds to contend with, for we are about to make another step of progress in the cultivation of hoed crops. It is no longer going to be the universal custom to cease the war with the weeds at midsummer, but some farmers are determined to keep up the battle with weeds during the entire season, and thus prevent any weed seeds from ripening. It has been found by experience that land can be cleared of weed seeds in a few years, if no new seeds are permitted to ripen and commercial fertilizers be used to feed the crops. In fact it has been demonstrated that a whole farm can be cleared of weeds by a few years persistent effort, and thus even the barn manure my be freed from weed seeds. A farm thus freed is of much higher value, and can be worked not only with much more pleasure, but also with more profit.

It is a real comfort to have a garden that is freed from weed seeds. Cultivation is so easy, every farmer, if he does no more, should keep his kitchen garden free from weeds; he should never permit any to ripen their seeds. It is true, this, for the first year or two, is some labor, but it can be done, and it pays to do it; the way to do it is simple and within the reach of all — by simply pulling all of the weeds and permitting none to ripen any seed, and using commercial fertilizers, the work will be accomplished. The great mistake which most gardeners make is in neglecting the garden in August and September, the very time when the weeds grow the best and ripen their seed in the least possible number of days.

The Poultry Interest.

TURKEYS AS FARM STOCK.

Many years since I was a very successful turkey rearer, rarely losing a bird out of a brood. In some articles published at that time I maintained then, as now, that turkeys, properly treated, are among the most profitable of live stock. Caring little for corn, and consuming a much larger proportion of green food than fowls, they grow into size almost without cost; when fattened on meal they realize a higher price than fowls, and, being mainly in demand in cold weather, they can be sent to the consumer without risk of loss.

In hatching, my method is to follow nature as closely as possible. The nests are made on the ground, or, if in paved or boarded houses, in large shallow boxes, half filled with mould, that can be damped as required. The sitting hens are fed liberally, and lifted off the nest if necessary, so that they may be fed at the same time and seen safely again on their nests, grain and some green food being liberally given. The eggs hatch on the 28th day, or even earlier if the hen is a close sitter. No attempt should be made to remove or feed the young ones, who require no food for thirty hours. Instead of feeding with the usual hard-boiled egg, which is not attractive, and which, moreover, is wasteful, as the white becomes horny by exposure to the air, and, is not eaten, the first food should consist of equal bulk of egg and milk, beaten together and set by a gentle heat into a soft solid. This is very much relished by the young of all gallinaceous birds, and containing as it does the united nutritive value of eggs and milk, cannot be exceeded as an advantageous food. This should be supplemented by crumbled bread and milk, and fresh sweet (not musty) oatmeal. Ant's eggs are of great value, but are not always obtainable. So much for the animal and dry food; but it cannot be too strongly impressed on all turkey rearers that they eat much more fresh green vegetable food than fowls. If they are watched, it will be found they prefer bitter milky plants of the compound flowered tribe to any others; of these an unlimited supply, in the form of lettuces running to seed, may be obtained in every kitchen garden. The greed with which young turkeys devour lettuces is remarkable; a brood of young birds will eat four or five large lettuces in a day; the bitterer they are the better they relish them, and the more nutritive they are. After a short time oatmeal and lettuces may form the staple of their dietary.

The great point in the rearing of young turkeys is the hour at which they get their first meal. In summer it is light at four o'clock in the morning; if their breakfast is deferred until seven, they will have been hungry for three hours, and suffer accordingly; consequently they must either be fed at that hour, or the poultry-maid must be up with the lark. To shut up the hen and her brood in a close fœtid coop or paved henhouse is to court disease and failure. If the incursion of rats, cats, and hedgehogs is feared, let the family be put into a finely-wired run, or a coop with a good-sized wire enclosure, and placed open to the early sun. Oatmeal, with lettuce, may be placed under this, and will even be protected from the thievish sparrow. It is needless to say that the coops should be moved each night, and the mother and charge allowed full liberty every hour of sunshine.

Many people imagine that a drop of rain is fatal to young turkeys. I believe it rains occasionally in the American forests, where the young birds are reared in hundreds of thousands, and I know it does in Windsor Forest, where flocks were reared successfully in a wild state in the days when George the Third was King. It is not the dew or the rain which is fatal to the birds, but the false, unnatural treatment, the erroneous feeding, the fœtid coops, and the early morning dampness that render the birds delicate. The morning dew does not kill the young pheasants and partridges reared in the open; but then they are not cooped and crammed by owners who will not take lessons from nature, and think that they are wiser than the Allwise. According to popular belief, turkeys are particularly delicate when they are "shooting the red," that is, when they are arriving at maturity. This appearance has even been characterized as a disease, being as much so as the growth of the beard in a youth or the horns on a young bull.

To conclude, I may quote the authority of whom I spoke at the commencement of this article in proof that turkeys are not more difficult to rear than fowls, and that they do not require more care or attention, whilst they command a far higher price when fatted. If well fed from the first, this is readily accomplished by giving them meal and milk for about three weeks, when they are fit to kill, and usually can be disposed of to private consumers at the very remunerative prices already quoted.—[Correspondence of Bell's (London) Messenger.

AN ORCHARD FOR BEAUTY AND PROFIT.

We spend money for flowering shrubs; the beautiful double flowering almonds, the weigelas and deutzias which delight us with their spring and summer bloom, and we rejoice over them without objecting to their "fleeting show." Now, all these are enjoyed solely for their beauty. An orchard is no less beautiful than these. A massive apple tree, a globe of snow just faintly tinged with the most delicate pink; a dwarf pear, a pyramid of flowers; a standard, a fountain of spray; the cherries and plums; and the peaches with their soft violet shade—all these are unsurpassed by any of the popular flowering shrubs. Now that the blooming season is over and our sense of sight has been gratified, the fruit comes in sometimes no less beautiful with its varied brilliancy of color, but more useful than the majority of farmers are ready to believe. How many farmers ever think how easy it is to grow apples and pears, and how exceedingly valu

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR OF 1887.

To be held at Worcester, Mass.

The fair of the New England Agricultural Society is again to be held at Worcester and again the Management of the Society extends an earnest invitation to the farmers, the breeders, the mechanics, the artisans, the manufacturers and the merchants of New England to join hands in building up and developing an Exhibition which shall illustrate the growth of New England in business and the progress of New England skill, genius and taste in a Fair to be held in the city of Worcester, August 30 and 31, and September 1 and 2, 1887.

So rapid is the advance of inventive skill that nothing but an annual exhibition can illustrate the increasing advantages by which mechanical appliances secured for the agricultural public in cheapening of labor and the lessening of drudgery and exhaustive toil.

Every fair is a new one—and although only twelve months elapse from fair to fair, the time is sufficient to develop in mechanical and manufacturing invention almost a new creation in the prominent characteristics of a fair.

Again then the Society invites all persons interested in progress and human culture to this great fete of the year.

From all parts of New England let there be an interest and an enthusiasm in this great work, and secure for the Society and our people an exhibition fully illustrative of all the types of our varied industries.

The notice has been wide spread, and visitors and delegates will be in attendance from all parts of the country. The city of Worcester is centrally located for all New England, and its facilities for approach by railroad are unsurpassed as a business centre for all New England localities.

Premium lists and posters will be forwarded to all persons making application for the same. Address Daniel Needham, Secretary, Boston, Mass., or Geo. H. Estabrook, Local Secretary, Worcester, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.
Boston, Mass., July 9, 1887.

Minister Foster, the Dominion minister of marine and fisheries, has been making a three weeks cruise among the American fishermen and brings home word that catches of fish by Americans have been very small. At this rate, he thinks they cannot profitably continue operations much longer. The failure of the fisheries on their own coast this season he thinks has not improved matters, and he says we are now dependent on the American fleet in Canadian waters, which at present is over 125 sail. A noticeable thing which he mentions is the largely increased number of mackerel seiners fitted out this season by Canadians, who are in all cases enjoying prosperity. The fishing around Prince Edward Island being largely inshore, they are asserted to possess a great advantage over the Americans.

heated term, as this hot spell of weather is called, is in full blast, not even the copious rains having any perceptible effect in cooling it off. The mercury at sunrise averages 72 deg. and 75 deg., and at noon and in the middle of the afternoon it plays up and down, especially the former, about the oppressive denomination of ninety. The same experience rules across the country, there being little relief experienced anywhere from this oppressive temperature. All vegetation in fields and gardens is in an exceedingly advanced state, the season appearing to be trying to outstrip itself with its performances. Taking last week's average, in the Middle Atlantic States the temperature has ranged 4 deg. higher than the average for the same region for a period of years, and 6 deg. higher in the Ohio Valley than the corresponding average. These high temperatures have prevailed over the entire cotton, corn and tobacco regions. There has been an excess of rainfall during the week as compared with the average, in New England, the Middle Atlantic States, the easterly Gulf States and the greater part of Nebraska, the excess coming chiefly in the form of heavy thunder showers, particularly in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

A recent brief visit to Worcester and the Fair Grounds showed us most encouraging proof that the managers of the New England Agricultural Fair to be held on the first days of September were earnestly pushing forward the necessary preparation for that event. Everything is moving forward and working in combination as the most enthusiastic friends of the coming exhibition would have it. Work is proceeding about the grounds and in the buildings, and increasing activity is rapidly showing its desired results. The prospect for a full and triumphal exhibition of farm animals and products, inframed with the important and interesting implements and machinery of prosperous husbandry, was never more flattering for the New England Society and its co-operative local society than at the present time. The executive committee of the New England Society met last Saturday. Among the other matters brought to its attention was that of a mistake in the printing of the Ploughing Match in the Premium List, the corrected reading after the word "horses," with Swivel Plows being Class 20, Number 55; and in Class 17, Number 49, Pears should read the same as Apples, for the best 7, instead of 5 or 10 specimens.

A MIDSUMMER FLOOD.

The interior of New England has been visited with a downpour of water that, distributed over a longer term of time, would only have been accepted with extreme gratitude. The rain began on Friday of last week and continued up to and all through Sunday. The measured rainfall was so considerable as to be surprising. In some localities there were violent thunder storms, and in others raging cloudbursts. The deluge in either case was complete and overwhelming. Western Massachusetts and Southern New Hampshire appear to have fared the worst. Rivers and streams became enormously swollen on a sudden; dams were carried away; bridges were swept off; roads were washed out; houses were flooded in their lower stories and dangerously undermined; mills and factories were stopped in their operations; travel and transportation were obstructed; farms were flooded and cattle, sheep, and swine drowned; and havoc was widespread where the fast falling waters had their way

The storm of rain in Western Massachusetts was a memorable one indeed for this season of the year. Great Barrington and the adjacent towns were the chief sufferers. There was a cloudburst at Hinsdale, the fall of water dividing on the mountain range, half of it going down the Harlem Railroad. Green River rose ten feet in half an hour. A bridge sixty-five feet long was swept away. Roads and stone walls were washed out by the timber of the destroyed bridges and the force of the increasing current, suspending all business and travel for a time. Ten bridges along Green River were carried off, dams hundreds of tons in weight were destroyed, acres of grain were ruined, and cattle were drowned in large numbers. Housatonic Railroad both at Great Barrington and Sheffield was put under water. Eighteen lives are reported lost. In all, twenty-three bridges, grist mills, factories and dams, were swept away.

A number of bad washouts occurred on the Fitchburg Railroad, completely suspending travel beyond Miller's Falls. Up at Lake Pleasant, the roar of the mountain streams was compared to that of the ocean, and could be heard for miles. The Connecticut River rose ten feet in a little over an hour and a quarter. At Manchester, N. H., the streets were rendered impassable by the torrents of water which poured through them. The river became a foaming torrent. From Thursday to Sunday night the amount of rainfall was 7.49 inches. At Dover it was about 9 inches in the same time. The Cocheco River became a roaring torrent. All the lowlands throughout the county were inundated, and so was a large part of the hay crop. Roads were rendered impassable by the washouts. The same story comes from Hookset, Peterboro', and other points. The rivers reached a higher point than they have ever been known to by reason of the rain alone. Highways were flooded, brooks overflowed, and culverts flushed, and hay and grains were seriously damaged. The losses to the farmers were heavy. Such a flood in all the rivers was never known in midsummer. The incessant lightning of Saturday night killed numbers of sheep, and felled timber and washed out highways complete the story of general havoc and destruction.

THE DEMANDS OF OUR TIME.

It would only be repeating a truth that has become obvious to all, that this age and time calls for very differently equipped men in almost every public station from those who even conferred renown on the times gone by. The world is not the same world it was a hundred or even fifty years ago. All the conditions of work and existence both are changed greatly. Not that we are by any means to discard what served such high uses yesterday, in the flush of the newly awakened life of to-day; but the advance of knowledge, the multiplication of inventions, the enrichment of experience, and the improvement of methods have, all taken together, wrought a revolution in things that entitles the age on which we are fairly entered to be called a wholly new one in the history of the world.

This impressive fact is to be especially laid hold of in any serious consideration which we may be inclined to bestow upon the subject of education. The teacher of these times adopts an entirely different theory from that which guided and governed the practical work of the teacher of the past. The college professor and president finds himself without even a footing in the discharge of his intended service, if he declines to avail himself of the larger views and the more thoroughly classified methods that indicate the scope of a modern education. Taking agricultural schooling for an illustration of the point: it is but to be remarked that but a few years ago such a thing as agricultural education was unknown. The very conception of it is one of the welcome new things of the awakened times we fortunately live in. And as agricultural knowledge is undeniably making such remarkable strides, it inevitably follows that a systematic and successful agricultural training must show characteristics to correspond.

It is plain that mere manual instruction in farming operations is not much in advance of the old tradition which taught a man to cultivate his farm just as his father and grandfather had cultivated it before him. Science has opened ways to him that may without exaggeration be called new. The secrets revealed by chemistry are such as have sufficed to overwhelm tradition with theory at every turn. The disclosed needs of the soil have led to the various formulas for fertilisation. And theory and its first results are being subjected again to the unfailing test of time and practice, to establish, or qualify, or set aside the whole for something still better. This close and closer growing union of science with experience, of theory with practice, is what constitutes the revolution in agriculture which must be recognized on the very threshold of any system which assumes to furnish an adequate training for its successful pursuit. To either ignore it altogether or to underrate it, would stamp the one doing so as wholly incapable, on the face of the matter, of imparting knowledge or supplying training such as this new agricultural era of ours demands.

Reflections like these naturally arise in connection with the increasing responsibility of making the most suitable and satisfactory selection of a man to preside over the future fortunes of the Agricultural College of Massachusetts. The present incumbent has tendered his resignation, to take effect in January next, and the Trustees are called upon to find one who promises to bring to the position the rare and varied qualifications which progressive agriculture readily suggests as fully equal to the constantly changing adjustment of the educational method to the advancing knowledge and thought of the time. It is clearly no light duty that is thus devolved on the occupant of the place; to take the young minds around him, inspire them with a love of knowledge for its own sake, instruct and guide them in the newly opened paths whose directness is continually proven by practical experience, and mould them to the careers that stretch before them as they come to early manhood and set their feet firmly on the threshold of real life, with its ever present duties. Well may any teacher shrink instinctively from the task, and question the measure of his ability and the sincerity of his aims together.

And again, in an office like the Secretaryship of the State Board of Agriculture, there are to be seen present the same characteristic requirements for the successful candidate to respond to. The place is become one of such wide and constant influence, and of so many demands, that it cannot be said to be truly filled except that influence is made felt to its utmost, and those demands are satisfied beyond even the limits of their own imposing. Not knowledge alone, nor the facility which familiarity begets, but a new and unexpected enthusiasm is the sign and token by which it is to be known that its final occupant is the right man in the right place. There are few positions from which the worthiest practical and theoretic knowledge may be more effectively distributed by one who himself is always a student and learner; few from which a steady and unquenchable enthusiasm may radiate a more welcome and serviceable illumination. The one occupying it, too, is to be in a very large degree the creator of it, while he toils at his task; it is really something more than merely a position that could first be created and then presented to him for his acceptance.

And thus reflection enables us to see more and more distinctly how the accumulation of knowledge, the rapidity of invention, the continual birth of theories, and the expanding boundaries of practical experience have done and are still doing their work for the noble cause of agriculture, that first and last worthy employment of man. We are helped to see no less clearly, too, that the successful teaching of it and effective training in it are dependent not upon some chance and accident, but only upon a right comprehension of methods and the mastery of ascertained principles which the genuine teacher is constantly summoned to apply. Agriculture everywhere awaits the appearance of those who are best qualified, both by original gifts and subsequent culture, to lift it still higher in the common esteem and respect by loyally illustrating its power as an agent of advancing civilization and a sure provider of the means of human contentment and happiness. Such qualifications do certainly exist around us; the only work before us is to make their sure discovery.

In its weekly review of the grain trade of Great Britain, the Mark Lane Express says that the continual drought is rapidly maturing wheat, part of the southern crop being already cut. It predicts that if the dry weather holds, the whole crop will be harvested and thrown on the market, and prices will decline to zero. But on the other hand, if rain sets in the grain will have a chance of being converted into pigs' feed. This will result in a spurt of trade, but there is wheat enough in the world, it thinks to again bring values even below the present level. It says the English wheat grower stands irretrievably ruined, whether his wheat goes straight to market or to the rot. Trade is sick unto death. The sales of English wheat during the previous week showed a marked falling off, while the trade in foreign wheat is on the smallest possible scale. Values are in the buyer's favor.

Prof. Tyndall, the distinguished British scientist, has been "going for" Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy again, and this time with increased savageness. He publishes a letter on the candidacy of Sir G. O. Trevelyan on the Liberal ticket for the Brideton division of Glasgow. This is the style of the Professor's caustic expressions:—"Something has been gained for the cause of healthy, political action, when Sir George Otto Trevelyan, whose presence hitherto has been dry rot in the tissue of unionism, takes his proper place under his appropriate master. I must renew my solemn protest against the scattered loyalists of Ireland being handed over to the tender mercies of the Romish hierarchy and the Irish National League. Were the necessity aside, I would be prepared to go beyond mere protest against so infamous a consummation. To what a pass have we come! Liberal England and liberal Scotland fouled in the meshes of one perverted intellect. Sir George Otto Trevelyan has abandoned the company of men of truth and honor to follow the fortunes of a hoary rhetorician who sets at naught the plainest dictates of the political morality."

THE STATE COLLEGE FARM.

It goes without saying, as the common expression runs, that the farm attached to the State Agricultural College is no mere adjunct and ornament to the institution, but a vital and essential part of the institution itself. This Farm, on which so increasingly wide an interest justly centres, consists of 80 acres in grass, which will produce 150 tons of hay, including the second crop; three acres in wheat and forage crops, for the purposes of illustration; five acres in oats; fifteen in corn; and four acres in potatoes and roots. The remainder is pasturage, in three fenced fields. Over 700 loads of manure have been applied to the grass lands, being that made on the farm and what was exchanged for hay in the village. The chief labor expended on the farms has been applied to the twenty-five acre lot at the west end of the farm, which is being reclaimed. The cultivated crops are chiefly upon this lot, to which some $200 worth of commercial fertilizers has been applied, principally phosphates and potash. At the present time this new field holds out the promise of satisfactory crops. Six or seven acres are in good condition for seeding, the remainder awaiting the processes of draining, stump removing, and general subduing.

In place of a herd of Ayrshires, grades, and common native stock for the production of milk, there are now on the farm illustrative herds of five different breeds: 23 Ayrshires, half unregistered; 8 Holstein-Friesans; 6 Jerseys; 6 Short-Horns; 6 steers; and 3 grade heifers; altogether, 58 head of cattle. There are 11 bulls and bull calves, 6 steers, 30 cows and heifers in calf, and 11 heifer calves. The reconstructed cattle floor of the barn has accomodations for 68 head, which is equivalent of the present herd and its increase for six or eight months. The flock of South-down sheep purchased last fall has doubled in number. There are 16 swine in the pens, half of them breeding animals and half pigs for sale. The two teams of horses are all the time employed. A jobbing horse would be a timely and profitable addition.

The outlay for the current season's operations has been considerable in amount, and no return has yet been realized. The suggestion has been made that the farm be generally conducted as a stock farm, dairy cattle predominating; the natural increase being mostly kept until the farm shall be fully stocked, and the surplus live-stock and stock products chiefly relied on for the farm income. Also, that the most of the farm shall be kept in grass, the product of hay and other forage being constantly increased, various crops to be cultivated to a limited extent at the same time, for the purpose of illustration and instruction. It is co-incidently suggested that the farm be systematically improved, especially by the training, clearing, subduing and fencing of 70 acres or more of the western extremity. This work would necessarily run over two or three years, in point of fact it is already proceeding, and involves an expenditure outrunning any possible present returns.

Undoubtedly the sale of surplus pure-bred stock would prove a fruitful source of income. And manures may be applied for securing profitable returns rather than simply to note their action and results without much regard to their money yield. And if the reclamation of the 25-acre lot spoken of will for the transition period involve the expenditure of money without any return, there is little question that within a very few years it would be the most productive field, and consequently the most profitable, of the farm. The State would of course have to be appealed to for aid in this systematic improvement as above outlined. The estimate of the total cost footed up, including rebuilding, repairing, fencing, machinery, draining, removal of stumps and clearing, and the purchase of improved farm tools and implements, is about $9000, which would bring up the farm to a condition worthy of both the College and the State, which is what every one would have it to be.

The cost of current labor on the farm is about $3000 a year. This bill might in a few years be wholly paid from the income of the farm and leave only the other current expenses, amounting ordinarily to between $1500 and $2500, to be charged to the annual deficiency account. Should the present season turn out favorably, at least $500 worth of surplus aniqals will probably be ready for sale; and there is an accumulated result of labor that should bring as much more oefore the year is out. It will therefore be seen that the College Farm as a property, may be made remunerative, while it is constantly supplying object lessons and giving practical training to students, and in capable hands may become one of the worthiest living ornaments of the State.

TWILIGHT AT THE FARM.

The summer day is long and all its moments are closely filled by each member of the farmer's family. Hence when the day is done, the cool rest of night is gladly welcomed.

Too often, farm life divides itself into two periods only—working and sleeping. Certainly there is the eating time, but this may not wrongly be reckoned in the working period.

This in not true life, to begin labor when the eyes open at dawn and rush on till night, but it is not easily escaped. The season is short and the products of the farm perishable, hence each moment must be improved and no idleness can be encouraged.

One hour in the day should be kept sacred however, and that is the twilight hour. There should be this brief interval, at least, between work and sleep.

In Puritanical New England, there were hours each day set apart for family devotion, and carefully observed, but in many homes, for various reasons, this time has passed away, and save the bedside prayers, there is no family worship. It is not to criticise this change in custom, that this is written, but to plead for a time for family acquaintances; an hour when baby shall be clasped closest to mother's heart, while prattling Johnnie shall find a place on father's knee, and all the group of brothers and sisters be brought closely together. This may be called the conversation hour and will be the happiest time in the day; the hour remembered longest, after the little ones leave the home nest. From this hour let gossip be carefully excluded.

If there are troubles to be shared, let this be the time to talk them over, and particularly let this time be devoted to talk on the best topics, in which all may join with interest. The art of conversation cannot be too carefully cultivated, as it is quite too rare, and fast becoming a lost art. There can be no lack of topics in any home, particularly where they live so near to nature's heart as on the farm.

Indeed, all gossip will be crowded out, and the time closely filled until baby falls asleep in mother's arms, while Johnnie's eyes close drowsily, and the sleeping time comes naturally. Then, filled with pleasant thoughts, rest comes far more readily than if there was only the memory of a hot and hurried day to look back upon, and the vision of a day crowded full of work to anticipate.

By and by the family must separate, but the memory of this summer twilight hour will be a golden chain to bind them to the dear old farm, and they will write home more frequently and return with greater relish to the scenes of childhood, because of this sacred time, when hearts beat in unison, and that which interested one, was of the deepest concern to all.

— The largest gun in the navy was tested last week on board the cruiser Atlanta. It was fired by electricity, and the result of the discharge caused almost a panic on the ship. The gun was dismounted, the carriage tracks were torn up, the running gear was dismantled, and a part of the after gun deck carried away.

READ AND RUN.

—All Ireland is now under the Crimes law.

—We are now fairly entered upon the term of the annual dog-days.

—The Wisconsin and Dakota corn crop is a better one than usual, this year.

—Toryism virtually confesses itself to be a minority of the British constituencies.

— The final settlement of the Afghan boundary question is announced from St. Petersburg.

—The famous chorus in Bob Sawyer's room was one in which every one sang the tune he knew best.

— Cyclones, tempests, and rattling thunder storms are quite common in Pennsylvania and to the west.

—Bulgaria is on the eve of declaring her independence, according to advices from Constantinople.

— A biblical museum for this country is called for, no doubt owing to the dearth of suitable materials.

—The British Government has adopted Parnell's land bill, if Editor O'Brien's statement is to be credited.

— The Irish conservatives in Parliament are to offer no opposition to the Irish land bill in its present amended form.

— Mr. Parnell made a speech of marked power at a dinner given him by the National Liberal Club in London last week.

—Unprecedented rainfalls in Southern New Hampshire have wrought great havoc and destruction with property and the crops.

— The House committee on labor of the New Hampshire legislature have reported adversely on the bill to prevent prison contract labor.

—Miss Alice Freeman has resigned the presidency of Wellesley College. She is engaged to Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard University.

—The chief of the Chicago convicted "boodlers" McCarrigle by name, has escaped from custody much after the style of the late Boss Tweed of New York.

—Bad washouts on the Fitchburg railroad, the result of the recent rains, obstructed through travel and compelled great activity in the making of timely repairs.

—The English yacht Thistle, that is to compete for the America cup, sailed from Glasgow for New York on Monday in a gale of wind. Her crew consists of twenty-one men.

—Emperor William is reported to be absorbing new vitality at Gastein. He is still overtaken with sleepy fits, however, which come on in the middle of work while in conversation.

— Few statesmen of any period or of any party have expressed satisfaction with our mode of electing the President, yet there has never been any successful effort to change the system materially for the better.

—The Boston money market is practically back again in the stringent condition it was in the first of the month. The puzzle to many is to know why rates in New York and Boston should not be more nearly equal.

—The funeral of the late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the widely known story writer, took place at his residence at Hyde Park last Sunday. The attendance was very large. The interment took place at Woodlawn cemetery, Chelsea.

—Those people who flee to the coast and mountains to get rid of perspiring, miss it without seeming to suspect it. Copious perspiration is a cleansing operation, and conducive to a healthy condition of the several organs.

—A complimentary banquet was tendered Rev. Edwin Thompson, the veteran advocate of temperance and other reforms, on the 78th anniversary of his birthday, last Saturday afternoon, at the Washingtonian Home in this city.

—No possible legislation or division of lands, says a Milwaukee journal, can drive poverty out of the world. But toil, thrift, and temperance in this land of freedom will do more than all things else to banish poverty from the household.

—A good fog bell on shore would, it is confidently believed, have saved the steamer Merrimac, that ran on the rocks off Little Hope Island. The fog made the island light appear far distant, when in reality it was within a few ship lengths.

—The seines and boats, with all the crew of two American fishing vessels, were seized last Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island by the Dominion cutter Critic, the boats being close in shore at the time, with their seines set in the water.

—Interior New England suffered large damage by the three days' rain of last week ending Sunday. The cloud burst in Hinsdale, Berkshire Co., Mass., caused a rise of ten feet in Green River in half an hour's time, and swept away bridges, dams, and cattle.

— In spite of the fact that there are between six and seven thousand officers in the military and naval service of the United States who must have gold cord, gold lace and gilded epaulets, there is not a single manufactory in the country where there can be made.

— The failure of the Hurlburt Paper Company of South Lee, Mass,, has caused great surprise everywhere. The mills turned out eight thousand pounds of paper every day. The liabilities are put at $300,000, while the assets are estimated not to exceed twenty-five cents on a dollar.

—The Irish crimes act amendment bill, commonly called the coercion act, has become a law. But it is extremely doubtful if any serious attempt will be made to execute it. The Irish will not consent to be governed by it, and it cannot be pressed without convulsing Ireland.

—The Jubilee naval review off Portsmouth, England, last Saturday afternoon, was a most imposing spectacle. It was reviewed by the Queen, and throngs of people were admiring witnesses. Probably no such fleet was ever seen in any water. Every class of the British navy was represented.

— Father Roquette, who died in New Orleans recently at the age of seventy-five years, is described as one of the loveliest and most saintly characters that has yet adorned the Catholic church in America. Not long ago the New Orleans Picayune summed up his character as blending apostolic zeal and poetic enthusiasm with the simplicity of a child.

—Lord Salisbury, the British premier, was for many years the wielder of a strong pen in journalism. It long been allowed in the profession that, had he stuck to it, he would have been a brilliant premier in the republic of letters. Nothing came amiss to him. He was and is a master of style, bright, incisive, witty, stinging, always having a thorough grip of his subject. He has, in fact, never ceased to be a journalist.

— Rev. Dr. Dexter has paid a visit to the literary work-shop of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and observes that, although it is five and fifty years since the death of the great romancer, his personality so absolutely dominates the spot that every chair, and every book of the twenty thousand, and every curiosity of the hundreds which he had gathered around him, remains as if he had left it yesterday and were coming back to-morrow.

—The experiment of the last six months has decided the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to adopt the twenty-four hour system permanently on every division, every branch, and every connecting line under its system. In another year, when the extensions of the Pacific Railway will be completed, it is expected that the twenty-four hour system will be put in force within the limits of every province of Canada, from Nova Scotia on the Atlantic to British Columbia on the Pacific.

—The British commission appointed last year to inquire into M. Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, report that it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the discovery, whether for its practical utility or for its application in general pathology. They think it certain that the inoculations practised by Pasteur have prevented the occurrence of hydrophobia in a large proportion of those who would have died of that disease but for being inoculated.

A GREAT NERVE REMEDY.

The Most Wonderful Medicine Ever Discovered for the Nerves.

A Medicine Bearing a Physician's Indorsement.

CONSULTATION FREE OF CHARGE WITH THE GREAT SPECIALIST IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

No remedy within our recollection has received such unqualified indorsement, both by physicians and the public, as that given to the really wonderful remedy for nervous diseases, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. On account of its marvellous curative effects in all cases of nervous affections, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, exhausted nervous vitality, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, despondency, mental depression neuralgia, nervous and sick headache, numbness, trembling, palpitation of the heart, hysteria, fits and similar diseases of the nervous system, it has steadily grown in public favor until at the present day it stands undisputably at the head of all standard remedies. Ask any druggist what is the most popular and most highly praised medicine sold over his counter, and he will unhesitatingly tell you Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. Physicians acknowledge its great merit and remarkable virtues as they see its effects in restoring lost nerve force and power, and thereby reestablishing health and strength, in many cases of weakness and prostration which they themselves have failed to cure. Invalids and sufferers from all kinds of nervous disorders have, by actual experience of its

Great and Lasting Benefits

Come to recognise it as indeed the most wonderful medicine for the nerves ever discovered, and all such patients, after having been restored to sound physical and nervous health and strength, recommended it in the very highest terms to their afflicted friends.

A brother journalist, one of the most popular of our writers, speaks of it as a remedy of such extraordinary curative powers as amazed him, it having in a short time entirely restored him from a state of great nervous exhaustion and prostration. He is at present preparing an article upon this greatest of medicines, in order, as he says, that the public may more thoroughly know its value as a remedy in nervous diseases. He considers it the King of all medicines.

Two ladies in the car coming down town were overjoyed discussing its merits, one declaring that she had been entirely restored by its use to health and strength from excessive irritability and nervous weakness, while the other had a friend who had been relieved of sleeplessness after long and weary months of restless, wakeful and unrefreshing nights.

Stopped upon the sidewalk by an acquaintance who had been a martyr to exhausted nervous vitality, despondency and mental depression, he was loud in his praise of this noted remedy, ascribing all the fault of his

Rapid and Remarkable Cure

To Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic.

So the story goes, we hearing it spoken of upon all sides with a perfect unanimity of approbation; one having cured of neuralgia, pains in limbs; another having been entirely relieved of nervous and sick headache; here an astonishing cure of a case of paralysis after hope had been lost; there a case of palpitation of the heart almost instantly relieved and cured.

But it is not necessary to enumerate the numberless cures effected by this medicine, nor to expatiate further upon its virtues. The afflicted may easily avail themselves of its use and receive its beneficial effects, as it is for sale at all druggists' at $1 a bottle, and no one need have the least hesitation about taking it, as it is purely vegetable, and may be given to children or taken by the most delicate invalid with perfect confidence and assurance of cure.

Another thing concerning this great medicine, and which in our estimation, renders it of double value to the people, is the fact that persons using it, or thinking of using it, have the privilege of consulting Dr. Greene at his office,

Free of Charge

In regard to their health. This may be done personally or by letter, and the Doctor is pleased to confer with all who call in consultation in regard to their cases, daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on Sundays from 9 A. M. to 12 M. This gives thousands of people who do not desire, or cannot afford to pay physicians fees, an opportunity to consult one of our most eminent and successful specialists in the treatment and cure of nervous diseases absolutely without charge of any kind.

Remember, in buying this remedy you are obtaining a physician's prescription which has been used with wonderful success in his extensive practice among nervous affections, and indorsed by Dr. Greene as curing more cases of disease than any other known remedy. Patients who may desire to consult the Doctor before taking the medicine can do so, or at any time while using it. As we have said, it may be purchased at any drug store, and is obtained at Dr. Greene's office, 34 Temple place, Boston, Mass. For those who prefer, the remedy will be sent to any address on receipt of the price.

After the discoveries that followed the investigation of the drainage and water supply facilities of the Conanicut Park Hotel, the Providence Journal thinks the State of Rhode Island is called upon to order an annual inspection of hotels, with power to put them in a proper sanitary condition when found necessary. In spite of the accepted fact that it is for the interest of the hotel keepers to keep out diseases of all kinds from their premises, there is still gross carelessness enough to be found, deliberate rather than ignorant. Hence penalties should be threatened that would be more keenly felt by hotel keepers than the death of a boarder could tell on their business.

A yearly inspection of public hotels, on strictly sanitary grounds, could not be reasonably objected to by any of their keepers. As the Boston Advertiser remarks, if the sequel to a season in the country were always described by a doctor in the case of his autumn patients, the need of inspection and of occasional force to insure healthful conditions would be demonstrated.

The largest cattle owner in the South, John N. Simpson, of Dallas, Texas, in a recent interview while in St. Louis admitted it to be true that the market for cattle is lower now than since 1861, although the business is not near so bad as has been reported. There have been some heavy failures of late among the cattle men of Texas, and one bank has been forced to suspend business on account of the depressed condition of the cattle market. Within a very short time large herds of breeding cattle have been driven over from Texas into New Mexico, where breeding is now largely carried on. Yet Mr. Simpson declared Texas to be overstocked, the only complaint being that more cattle are raised there than people. The usual drive northward every year is 300,000 head. It is not over a quarter of that number this year, and the market is 33 per cent. lower than five years ago.

The outlook for the potato crop in all parts of New England is reported good, the early product coming in in excellent shape, while the stock already in the market is pronounced as fine as is ever seen at this season of the year. The natural disposition is to hurry the crop into the market as fast as it can be done, and in consequence it is not all of it as fully matured as it might be. For at the present time of the year, the stock on hand is as good as could be asked for. Southern potatoes have about ceased to make their appearance.

— Bricks made by W. E. Gladstone & Son, Howarden, Wales, of the "Premier" brand, each one seven times larger than the American brick and weighing seven pounds, are to be seen in the construction of the new Boston Court House on Pemberton Square. They are of a light buff color, and will face the interior walls of the edifice.

☞ Stearns & Co., manufacturers of Standard Fertilizers, 133 Water street, New York, have reorganized under the name of the *Stearns Fertilizer Company*, and will continue the manufacture in which they have been so successfully engaged for the past ten years. They are the sole manufacturers of Stearns' Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate, Eagle Brand Fish and Potash, Ground Bone, "Americo," A1 Peruvian Guano, Ground Fish Guano, Florida Specials, Orange Tree Fertiliser and Vegetable Manure, and Agricultural Chemicals. Their fertilisers are warranted to be made of the best materials and after the most approved formulas, being rich in bone, animal matter, and potash.

☞ *Rough on Rats* is now well known to beat the very smartest of rodents, making clean work with rats, mice, roaches, water-bugs, flies, moths, mosquitoes, ants, insects, and almost every other kind of vermin and parasites. The varied and sure work it will do is described in a clear and brief manner in our advertising columns. Few housekeepers now think they could get along without a supply of Rough on Rats all the time on hand.

☞ The greatly increased humidity of the atmosphere and the soil caused by the recent rains has perfected the conditions for sowing lawn grass seed at this season, which all owners of lawns will unhesitatingly put to good practical account. *Parker & Wood*, Boston, have on hand a large stock of seed for sowing lawns, to be mixed according to the needs and fancies of every lawn owner. A timely call will prove of permanent advantage to all persons who are emulous of showing handsomely grown lawns around their dwellings.

☞ *Raven Paste Stove Polish* is warranted not to grow hard, and neither dust nor odor comes from it. It prevents rust, will not soil, makes no waste, and is at all times ready for use. In point of simplicity and neatness it is without a rival. All grocers should have it for sale.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for August gives a frontispiece portrait of Paul Cervais, with a sketch of his life, and continues the Economic Disturbances Since 1873, by David A. Wells; concludes ex-President Andrew D. White's New Chapters in the Warfare of Science, treating of Meteorology; and presents The Falls of the Mississippi, by John Arnold Keyes; Astronomy with an Opera-Glass, with illustrations; Manual Training in School Education, by Sir Philip Magnus; The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886, by Grant Allen; The Metal Art of Ancient Mexico; Changes in the Aspect of Mars; Educational Endowment, by Charles S. Ashley; with Correspondence, Editor's Table, etc. The number is one of the most entertaining and instructive yet issued. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

☞ *Harper's Magazine* for August contains for a frontispiece—On the Torrigan, and opens its reading matter with The Neighborhood of the International Park, Niagara, profusely illustrated; followed by the Irish party in Parliament, with fourteen portraits; Sea Wings, a study of sails, 66 illustrations; Bucaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main, illustrated; Hunting the Grizzly Bear, illustrated; Mobile, with illustrations; Ravenna and its Mosaics, illustrated; A Fisherman's Mate, a story; A Native Publishing House in India, by Bishop Hurst; Narka's Russian Novel, Part III; April Hopes, a Boston novel, by Charles Dudley Warner; Hypnotic Moralization, by Rev. William Wilberforce Newton; Poems by a number of well-known versifiers; and the varied and full editorial department. For sale by Damrell & Upham, Old Corner Bookstore, Boston.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for August shows very marked by the hand of Mrs. Crosby, "Jennie June," who has come to its editorship. It is crowded with attractive reading matter. Mrs. Crosby opens the number with an article on The Coming Woman. Kate Sanborn writes a breezy letter from Hill-Top. Mrs. Babcock contributes suggestive gossip, under the title "Over the Fence." Other articles in prose and verse add to the attractions. Mrs. Hall describes an industry of the women of Fayal. The fashion department is enlarged. Godey's is published by the Crosby Publishing Company, Philadelphia. For sale by Damrell & Upham.

☞ *The New England Magazine* for June-July has a portrait of Moses Brown of Providence for frontispiece, and its leading illustrated articles are on Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute and the Friendly School at Providence. There are likewise articles on New England Manufacturers and Notable Women of New England. The contents are in variety and of a sterling character. The Editor's Table is bright and incisive, comprehending a wide range of glancing discussion. It is a New England Magazine in every sense. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞ Bulletin No. 25, for July, 1887, is issued from the Mass. Agricultural Experiment Station. It is devoted to a record of experiments in feeding pigs, from which we shall make a condensed statement in next week's *Ploughman*.

☞ The handsomely bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals* for a year is issued by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a copy of which lies on our desk. A wide distribution of this volume of a notably benevolent publication cannot fail to work a world of practical service in a silent but most effective way. The illustration are plentiful, and the reading matter is irresistibly effective.

☞ *The Farmer's Veterinary Adviser*, by James Law, with numerous illustrations, has reached its eighth edition, which covers the ground over which veterinary medicine has advanced in the past eleven years, since it was first published. Two complete chapters have been added, treating of contagious diseases and their prevention. The Veterinary Adviser has been widely used as a text-book in agricultural schools and colleges. The author is well known as Professor of Veterinary Science in Cornell University. The work is a safe guide to the prevention and treatment of disease in domestic animals. Published by the author at Ithaca, N. Y.

PECULIAR

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures entirely Unparalleled. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

—The Dominion Government has imposed quarantine regulations which preclude absolutely the importation into Manitoba, the Northwest territories, and British Columbia of any cattle except for breeding purposes, and only to be imported subject to the most stringent quarantine inspection. All horses and hogs imported in future will be subject to twenty-one days of quarantine.

FRIGHTFUL WASTE.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yet, thousands of those victims are being wasted that might be saved, for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure. It has no equal as a remedy for bronchitis, coughs and colds Its efficacy has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

—The Memphis Avalanche does not want the Sandwich Islands. It thinks we have altogether too much variety now in the national sandwich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

oct30–52t

—People are now complaining of an excess of rain, as they not long ago complained of too little. They must learn to strike an average.

—The site of the Milliken House in this city, formerly the Province House, will be occupied by a new and spacious hotel, to be erected at once.

Dyspepsia—Its Causes and Cure, sent free by J. H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 yrs. City Treas. oct16—52t

—The resident Englishmen in Massachusetts are planning among themselves to become naturalized. There are some 27,000 of them.

☞ The hugs, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets."

—Over fifteen hundred visitors are reported at Bar Harbor, and the number is increasing daily.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 20, by Rev. Fr. Sherman, Mr. John B. Folger and Miss Caroline A. Randall, both of Boston.

In this city, July 23, by Rev. William I. Haven, Mr. George S. Slayton and Josie A. Kenlston.

In Malden, July 21, by Rev. S. A. Severance, Mr. Charles F. Gould and Miss

ON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

still coming forward slowly, and fine steady figures. Beans are still moving prices only fairly steady. Seed is quiet, ge in prices. Hay continues quiet, with raw is quiet and steady. The potato let. Truck continues quiet.

y and Game.—Turkeys, Western nominal. Northern fresh killed chick- 14@16c; Western do., 13@16c; Northern fresh @12c; live chickens, 10@12c; Eastern Choice small New York hand-picked pea ¥ bush; choice New York large hand- 1 75; small Vermont hand-picked do; erenced pea, $1 50@1 70; hand-picked 75; choice screened do, $1 50@1 70; yes, $1 45@1 55, Canada peas, nominal; een peas, $1 15@1 25 ¥ bush for choice 90c for Northern. Jobbing price, 10c

reen apples, $1 75@2 50 ¥ bbl; Norfolk ¥ crate; evaporated apples, 12c ¥ lb for ce for good to choice; Northern and ered and sliced, 5@7c; Palermo oranges 3 50@7 00 ¥ ¥ box; Palermo lemons @2 50 ¥ box; bananas jobbing at $1 25 ch for Aspinwall and Port Lemond a at $1 25@2 50; Barcona at $1 50@2 00.

imothy, Northern at $2 50@2 60 ¥ bush; 1 $2 50@2 65; clover, Northern at 9@10c; Western at 8@9c; red top, Western at $1 00@2 10; Jersey at $2 10@2 30; at $1 15@1 25; millet at $1 10@1 20; 1 10@1 20.

oice prime hay at $18 00@18 50; some fair to good at $15@16; Eastern fine or to ordinary hay at $12@14; Eastern @11. Rye straw, choice at $11; oat $ 50.

—New Southern, $2 ¥ bbl for extra, 75 for fair to good lots, with new Long 2@2 25; Jerseys at $2@2 12½@2 25 Bliss'el Ferry at $2 12½@2 25.

abbage, native ¥ 100, $5; bunch beets, 50c; native bunch turnips, 75@c; bbl bunch carrots, 2c; bunch onions, ¥ anish onions $2 ¥ large crate; lettuce, native cucumbers at 25c each, native bush; native beans, $1 50@2 ¥ bush; squash, $1 ¥ 100; Norfolk do, $1 ¥ atoes, $3 ¥ bush; Norfolk do, $1 ¥

nd Molasses.—The demand for raw es quiet with prices steady. Refined firm at 6@6 1-16c for granulated, air to good refined, 5 13-16@5 15-16c ¥ ¥c, 96c deg. test, 5½c; Manila, 5½@5½c; Refined sugar—Powdered at 6@6 ed at 6 1-16c; confectioners' A at 5¾c; Belmont A at 5¾c; extra 5@5½c; yellow at 4¾@5c. Wholesale was 6c for granulated.

ew fancy crop Ponce, 36c ¥ gallon; ; Barbadoes, 27c; Cuba boiling, 10c

R, CHEESE AND EGG

N BUTTER MARKET.

for butter is very firm, with prices r than last week on all fine grades, also doing better. The demand is w sales are recorded above 18c for n. Eggs continue steady. Trade is e stock, but held into are quiet, estern extra fresh made creamery, 22 a firsts, 20@21c; do firsts, 18@19c; do creamery at 17c; do seconds at 16c; ce fresh, 14@14½; do fair to good at York fresh made creamery, extra, 23 rs firsts at 21@22c; Vermont extra 21c; do extra firsts, 19@20c; do dairy, 15@18@19c; northern do at 20@21c; 16@18c; Eastern creamery, good to Low grades of butter as to quality, nations are receivers' prices for strictly Jobbing prices, 1c@c higher.

N CHEESE MARKET.

oice at 10c; Ohio choice at 10@10½c, off Northern sage at 10½c. Jobbing prices

TON EGG MARKET.

, 18c; do firsts, 16@17c; choice Canada, Western, 15½@16c; Michigan choice, tts, 16½@17c; Island, 16½@17c; New @17c. Jobbing price, ½c higher.

HALL MARKET, BOSTON.

otail Prices.

ady for the Ploughman, for the week ending July 30.

BEEF, &c.			
23 @28	Corned Tongue	14	@
20 @25	Corned Beef...	9	@14
15 @17	Smoked Beef...	14	@16
14 @18	Beef Tongue,		
8 @10	salt.....	13	@14
8 @10	Press Tripe...	7	@ 8
Pork, Lard, &c.			
10 @	Smoked Shoul's	9	@10
9 @	Smoked Ribs.	9	@11
12 @13	Sausages.....	9	@10
@ 9	Pigs' Feet....	4	@ 5
@ 9	Lard, leaf....	8	@ 9
Veal and Mutton.			
@20	Southdown legs,		
10 @12	¥ lb...		@16
8 @10	Mutton, ¥ lb...	12	@16
6@10	Mutton should's	6	@10
Poultry, Game, &c.			
@	Pigeons, stall		
@ 24	fed, ¥ pair		@1 00
30 @ 40	Pigeons, wild,		
16 @ 20	doz.....		@
20 @	squabs...	3	@4 00
20 @ 23	Widgeon, pair		@
@	Teal, ¥ pair..		@
@	Snipe, dozen..		@2 50
8 @ 20	Peep dozen..	60	@1 00
@	Brant, ¥ pair		@2 50
@	Yellow Leg,		
@1 25	doz.....	1 50	@ 3 00
@	Plover, dozen		@3 00
@	Rabbits, each		@
@	Venison, ¥ lb		@
@	Woodcock,		
@	each.....		@
@ 40	Pigs, roasting	2 50	@3 00
@	Spring chickens		@
Butter, Cheese, &c.			
@	Fair to good do	12	@ 1
@	Farm	10	@
20 @23	EGGS.		
18 @20	Cape.....	25	@30
15 @18	Eastern.....	20	@22
	Northern	18	@20
@16	Western.....	18	@
14 @15			
Fruit and Vegetables.			
@ 60	Onions, Spanish		
@	¥ Box.....		@
@	Tomatoes bush		@
@	Do. Bermuda,		
@18 @1	crate.....	@1	25
@	Tomatoes,		
@	can.....	15	@
@	Citrons, each.		@ 35
@	Potatoes, pk.		@
@	New Potatoes,		
@	¥ lbs.....		@
@	Turnips, pck.		@
@ 35	Beets, ¥ bush	40	@ 50
	Beans—		
@	White, ¥ ¼		
@	peck.....	25	@
@ 35	Lima, quart		@
	Cabbages,		
@	each.....	10	@ 15
@ 25	Carrots, ¥ peck		@
@ 25	Parsnips, pck.		@
@ 40	Onions, peck.		@
@ 25	Cauliflowers	10	@ 25
	Celery.....		@
	Lettuce ¥		
@ 10	head.....		@
	Squashes—		
	Hubbard, ¥		@
	Marrow, ¥	5	@
	Turban.....		@
	New squash,		
	each.....	6	@ 10
@ 30	Okra, ¥ bun.		
	Dandelions,		
	peck.....		@
@ 25	Spinach, peck		@
@ 60	Mushrooms		@ 75
	Horse Radish		
@12 @ 18	¥ lb.....		@
@	Garlic.....	15	@
@	Radishes,		@
@ @1 50	Leeks, ¥		@
	bunches...		@
	Cucumbers,		
	each.....		@
@	Egg Plants,		
@	each.....		@

Wholesale Prices.

ANEUIL HALL MARKET

Beef, &c.			
	Family....	11	@12
@13 @16	Tongues..	23	@28
Dressed Beef.			
7 @ 7½	Fore quarters	4	@ 4½
9½ @ 10½	Rounds.....	8	@
12½ @ 13	Ribs.....	5½	@ 6
3 @ 4			
Pork, Lard, &c.			
@ 18 @ 20	Ohio prime	14	@16
@	Lard, ¥ lb..	8	@
@18 @1	Hams Bos'n		
@	¥ lb.....	11	@ 12
@16 @50	Hogs whole	7½	@ 7¾
@15 @50			
Veal and Mutton.			
@ 12	¥ lb.....	5	@ 6
@ 10	Lamb, ¥ lb..	12	@ 14
@ 11	Fall Lamb....	12	@ 13
Poultry, Cheese and Eggs.			
@	packed ...	14	@ 18
@ 24	Com. grades.	10	@ 14
	CHEESE.		
@	Fine factory.	11	@ 12
@ 20	Fair to go do	10	@ 8
	Farm		@
@ 21	EGGS.		
	Eastern....	19	@
@ 16	Northern...	18	@
@ 18	Western ..	16	@
@ 20	Cape.....	20	@
Fruit and Vegetables.			
	White Saf.		@
	Celery ¥		
	dozen ...		@
	Lettuce, ¥		
	dozen....	15	@ 20
	Spinach,		
	bushel..		@
	Rhubarb ¥	2	@
	Artichokes,		
	¥ peck..		@
@ 25			
Fish, &c.			
@ 20	Black Bass, ¥	8	@ 10
@ 18	Salmon, No 1	20	@
	¥ lb.....		@
	Roe		@25
@ 6	Pickerel, ¥		@12½
@ 15	Perch, doz ..	15	@
	White Fish,	15	@
@ 15	Salmon Trout.	15	@
@ 15	Lake Trout, ¥	15	@
@12½	Sword Fish, ¥	15	@ 16
@ 6	Lobsters, ¥..	10	@
@12½	Frogs Legs, dz	50	@60
@ 6	Herring, s't'd	30	@35
@12½ @ 15	Herring, smok		
	¥ doz....		@ 35
@ 6	Tongues and		
@25 @ 35	Sounds, ¥ lb	08	@ 12
	Scollops, quart	40	
@ 25	Oysters, solid,		
@ 12	¥ gallon ..	0@1	25
	Clams, gallon	08	@ 60
	Quohaugs, sol		
@ 6	id, ¥ quart .		@
	Tautog		@

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BEN BIGGINS' FOREIGN SERVICE.

BY J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

[Cassell's Family Magazine.]

Up at the Hall there was a general commotion. Mr. Westley, the owner of the Westley Grange, had come pretty nearly to the end of his tether. He had but lately succeeded to the estate, and it had come to him very heavily encumbered; and now, with reduced rents, irregularly paid, he found it impossible to go on. He had, therefore, determined to spend a couple of years on the Continent, during which time he hoped that the agricultural depression would pass away.

The establishment at the Hall was not a large one by any means for a country bachelor squire, but it was larger than he could afford to keep up under the existing circumstances. So, one evening he called his servants together, and told them how matters were with him, bidding them seek other situations at once.

His personal servant, Ben Biggins, was not included in the general dismissal, but was destined to accompany his master abroad. Ben was one of those men not unfrequently met with in this country—a man who could turn his hand to most things, though he might not be good at any. The position he held at Westley Grange was a cross between a valet and a game-keeper, but at odd times he had been known to cook his master's dinner and make his master's bed. This was during a grousing expedition on the Welsh hills, but the rumor of it had traveled to Westley. Ben was in high spirits when he was told of the journey in store for him.

"I'll teach those foreigners a thing or two," he said to the cook one night; to which she replied: "You be very careful, Mr. Ben, that they don't teach you more than you teach them."

"Them!" he cried; "them teach me! Why, I could wallop the lot on 'em, if I wanted to."

"Then, you mind you don't want to," she answered.

"Why, you knows very well," continued Ben, "that I set your watch a-going after James, the watchmaker, had had it a month, and couldn't make nothing of it; and I stopped the blue bed-room chimbly smoking, when the smoke had nearly druv you all out of the place."

"Rubbish!" she said. "The watch only wanted winding; and as for the chimbly, it smoked because there was a bag of straw in it. You needn't crow over them things, young man."

Yes, there was a little ill-feeling on the part of the cook towards Ben. She had claimed him for her own originally, but Ben had fought shy; and latterly he had been paying a good deal of attention to Anna, the housemaid at the Rectory. Either fault alone, on Ben's part, would have made the cook somewhat aggrieved towards him, but the two combined were more than culinary flesh and blood could stand. Thus it happened that her tongue had an access of acerbity when moving at Ben.

Down at the Rectory the commotion was nearly as general. The servants discussed the situation from morning till night, and Anna received many unpleasant jeers.

"Stick to you!" said the coachman; "not he. Them sort never sticks to nothing but their fancy. When you hins ye good-by to Ben, you says good-bye for ever, my lass."

"He can please himself," she said; "but if he thinks I shall die broke-hearted because he takes on with some foreign girl, he's very much mistook."

"That's always the way with you womenfolk. You talks as big as big, and when it come to, you doubles up to nothing. There was that gal o' Simmond's—her as kept company with that keeper fellow. Look how her brazened it out when they found he'd left a wife in Wales, and her died of consumption in less than a year."

"But Ben and me's different," said Anna. "If he's not in earnest, no aren't I." Which was, perhaps consolatory.

The time slipped rapidly by, and it wanted but a day till Ben and his master should start for the Continent. That night Ben repaired to the Rectory, and had a parting interview with Anna. His last words were: "You'll not forget me, Anna, while I am parted from you? I'm a-coming back for you some day. Till then, ho river!"

"Till what?"

"That's a bit of French, my dear. I've bin learning the langwidge lately. It's something like 'Good-bye,' only more so. Ho river!" And so they parted.

In the course of a few weeks Ben and his master were comfortably settled in a small German village near Bonn. The house where they had made their home was an old farmhouse that had once belonged to a noble family, but was now partly fallen to decay. It was inhabited by its present owner, who carried on the business of a small farmer and wine-grower. He had neither wife nor child, the domestic functions being superintended, and in a great measure performed, by a sister. Naturally, therefore, it came about that Ben and Fraulein Schmidt were often in each other's company, and, naturally also, Ben improved the occasion. If the Fraulein, with womanly curiosity, asked about Herr Westley, Ben was careful to explain to her that the Herr Westley was a great baron at home, dwelling in a mansion with marble halls and gilded ceilings; that he, Benjamin Biggins, was the confidential companion of the said great baron; and that, though he (Benjamin) now appeared in the *rote* of a servant, he had a remarkably good position amongst the gentlemen of his native land. And the Fraulein would listen with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Sometimes, in the evenings, before the farmer had come home, as they sat together before the house-place fire, Ben would delight his listener with stories of the wonders of London. He had spent a few hours there one day while attending upon his master, and he therefore felt compentent to describe its principal sights, and where his knowledge failed his invention came to the rescue.

True, he mixed things up a trifle. He got the National Gallery and the Houses of Parliament under the same roof. Westminster Abbey and the Tower within a stone's-throw of each other, while the way to the Crystal Palace was over London Bridge, and up the river, past Battersea Park. But this made no difference at all to his listener. Like Desdemona, she drank in all his descriptions—

"But still the house affairs would draw her thence;

Which ever as she could with haste despatch, She'd come again."

All this was, I fear, on Ben's part, a matter of calculation rather than sentiment. That he wished to stand well, for the standing's sake, in the eyes of his landlady goes without saying, but the standing well brought with it and after it some advantages that were of infinitely more value to Ben. There were many things dear to Ben's heart, but none more dear than poached eggs and hot buttered toast; and though those were "not in the contract," they were almost daily incidents of Ben's life. At first, it is true, he had not got on so well with his landlady, for, notwithstanding the best intentions, neither had been able to comprehend a word said by the other. Time, however, which works wonders in so many cases, brought amelioration in this, for Ben got a smattering of German, and Fraulein picked up a few words of English, and from that time Ben was, to use his own expression, "a made man." Though not endowed with a large amount of wisdom, he knew "which side his bread was buttered," and he resolved to keep on good terms with the Fraulein, no matter who else might be offended. And the Fraulein herself grew really to like the big, boastful Englishman, and did her best to make both of her lodgers contented with their temporary home. This was about the position of affairs when, some eigteen months after they had left England, Mr. Westley told Ben he should soon be returning. This was a sad blow to Ben. No more poached eggs on hot buttered toast; no more tempting Rhine wine; no more idle days. He told the Fraulein what the Herr had said, and she, too, grieved. No more stories about London; no more leaves from the stately genealogical tree; no more pleasant evenings.

"And you must go?" she asked. "And I shall never you no more see?"

This set him thinking. Why should he go back? And the thinking ended in resolution; he would not go back? It came out in words at the first opportunity:

"I do not mean to go back to England, Fraulein, but shall settle down in Germany' if I can get any work."

"There is plenty of work on the farm, said the Fraulein.

This did not altogether chime in with Ben's view of life. Work was a thing to be endured, not courted. Plenty to eat and to drink, and nothing to do, was Ben's domestic creed. Still, he could work, and not work very hard; and if he married the Fraulein, the farm would be as good as his at once, and absolutely his some day. He might do worse; he feared he could not do better.

"I've had some news from home, Ben, that ought to please you. Your old sweetheart at the rectory has had a couple of thousand pounds left her by her uncle, the miller."

"Two thousand pounds!" said Ben to himself. "Two thousand pounds! Why, that's a fortune! Things is becoming extremely complicated. I think I shall go back with master."

That night a letter was despatched to England, bearing on the envelope the name of Miss Anna Robinson, at the Rectory, Westley, Shropshire. This was the letter:

"*My Dearest Anner*—I ope this will fine you in as good elth as it leeves me at present. My deerest Anner, it his a long time sense, I rote to yew, but their have so much to do as I have, no time. I hop this will fine you, in good helth, my deerest Anner. This is a very quite plase, their is no sports nor nothink, I orphan sy, for deer old Englan an the swete fases, spechially one I left behind, I ope to see, it soon, so know more at present from your trew lover, Ben."

What the Fraulein thought of it when she heard that Ben had changed his mind, I hardly know, but he made some plausible excuse, I have no doubt, and promised (to soothe her wounded feelings) that he would soon return.

Once more at Westley! The first evening after his arrival Ben went down to the rectory. Anna was out—but the coachman was in!

"Yo' back again, my lad! Yo're just like bobby, a-turning up when you are not wanted."

That was the coachman's welcome, and Ben resented it.

"Perhaps if you don't want me there is some one else as does."

"Then, perhaps, there's two on 'em, for I see two on 'em together not five minutes ago."

"Hey!" ejaculated Ben.

"As much hay as yo' like, my lad. We gies it to the 'osses, and can spare a bit for a donkey."

Clearly, there was no friendly feeling on the part of the coachman for Ben.

Then the cook tackled him:

"You've made a fine mess of it, Ben. Have you heard what she's had left her?"

"Left her!" exclaimed the humbug.

"Yes, left her—two thousand pounds; and she's going for it on Monday. It'll make them very comfortable."

"Her and her mother," suggested Ben.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho! roared the coachman."

"Hi, hi, hi, hi!" laughed the cook.

"Hee, hee, hee, hee! sang the kitchen-maid all in chorus.

"Its very funny," said the victim, "but I don't see where the fun comes in."

"Don't 'e now? Then I'll tell yer. Yo're come back to make up wi' her because yo' as heard as her's got some money. But its bespoke already for—her and her mother."

Coachman, cook, and kitchen-maid repeat chorus.

"I'll not take it," said Ben, "from no one's lips but hers. Her said her'd stick to me, and I've stuck to her, and I expect her'll stick to me, and that's all about it."

"Then, you can take it from her lips, now Mr. Benjamin," said Anna coming in at that moment. "You never wrote to me for more than twelve months, though I wrote to you twice, and then, when I had some money left me, you sent me a letter pretending as how you was very fond of me. Afore you went away, I said to the coachman: 'if he's not in earnest, then I'm not in earnest,' and that's all about it."

"Never mind," said Ben to himself that night. "If one door shuts another door opens."

Yes, the door was open when Ben got there, some six weeks after he had left. He entered the house with the air of a master, pausing a moment to look round on the vineyards which would soon be his. He opened an inner door; there sat the Fraulein, busy with her needle.

"I am back again," said he "give me a welcome."

"Then, you can go back again," she replied.

"But I am come to stay, and work on the farm."

"The farm does not want you, neither do I," she answered.

Then Benjamin waxed furious. He called her fickle and unkind, told her that no good could come to a double-dealing person, and left her with the somewhat double-edged remark that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"

I think I ought to explain the Fraulein's behavior. The old cook at Westley wrote to her to warn her against "that presumin' villun."

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

"Say, Gadderby," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fish-store with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Kind o' fix 'em up so that they'll look as if they've been caught to-day, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the grocer. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four bass. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take white fish, hadn't you?"

"Why? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you stopped in with a fish stole over your shoulder and a generally woe-begone look, to have you take white fish if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took white fish.

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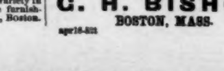

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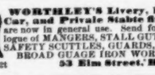

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apr16-52t

—The New York workingmen enjoyed a peace festival picnic and dance at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, last Monday, it being estimated that over 50,000 people were in attendance.

ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE MARK

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Gone where the Woodbine Twineth.

Rats are smart, but "ROUGH ON RATS" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Flies, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Red Bugs, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Jack Rabbits, Muskrats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 15c. & 25c.

HEN LICE.

"ROUGH ON RATS" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a 50c. box of "ROUGH ON RATS" to a pail of whitewash, keep it well stirred up while applying. Whitewash the whole interior of the Hennery; inside and outside of the nests. The cure is perfect and complete.

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For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, Shrubs, Trees, 1 pound or half the contents of a $1.00 box of "ROUGH ON RATS" (Agricultural Size) to be thoroughly mixed with one to two bushels of plaster, or what is better air slacked lime. Much depends upon thorough mixing, so as to completely distribute the poison. Sprinkle it on plants, trees or shrubs when damp or wet, and is quite effective when mixed with lime, dusted on without moisture. While in the concentrated state it is the most active and strongest of all Bug Poisons; when mixed as above is comparatively harmless to animals or persons, in any quantity they would take. If preferred to use in liquid form, add one pound of the full strength "ROUGH ON RATS" Powder, well shaken, in a keg of water and applied with a sprinkling pot, spray syringe or whisk broom, will be found very effective. Keep it well stirred up while using. Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers. 15c., 25c. & $1.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

July30-4t

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIP

The Poet's Corner.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

[ADOLINE LARRISON in National Tribune.]

BOY'S VERSE.

Well, father, I would like to know what you intend to do;
I think I ought to have a chance to earn a little money too.
If things continue as they are, I will labor all my life,
And never own a foot of land or place to keep a wife.
The crops were never better, the fruits are stored away,
I think 'twould be no more than right that I should share the pay.
As I shall be compelled to go a little further West,
And hunt me up a pretty maid, and build for her a nest.

CHORUS.

Then give the boy a chance, just give the boy a chance,
I know it would be better to give the boy a chance;
A home would be a shelter when our locks are thin and gray,
And blessings will attend us when at last we pass away.

FATHER'S VERSE.

It's time enough to speculate upon your plans for life—
The hair just starting round your mouth and talking 'bout a wife.
The hight of your ambition has always been to cut a swell,
I'm sure you get your share of all there is to sell;
It takes a little fortune to buy your food and clothes,
And that's not the only way in which your money goes;
Instead of running with the girls to every show and dance,
Roll up your sleeves and go to work, and you will have a chance.

CHORUS.

Then give the boy a chance, just give the boy a chance,
I know it would be better to give the boy a chance;
A home would be a shelter when our locks are thin and gray,
And blessings will attend us when at last we pass away.

MOTHER'S VERSE.

Why be so hard upon your boy? He is your only son;
You know the work he has to do is always gladly done.
The boy, perhaps, may have his faults, but in the country round,
A better boy I don't believe can anywhere be found.
Then give him some encouragement before it be too late,
And let him build a dwelling-house and bring his chosen mate;
Their home will be a shelter when their locks are thin and gray,
And blessings will attend them when at last they pass away.

CHORUS.

Then give the boy a chance, just give the boy a chance,
I know it would be better to give the boy a chance;
A home would be a shelter when our locks are thin and gray,
And blessings will attend us when at last we pass away.

Ladies' Department.

THE GOOPHERED GRAPE-VINES.

BY CHARLES W. CHESNUTT.

[Atlantic Monthly for August.]

About ten years ago my wife was in poor health, and our family doctor, in whose skill and honesty I had impl cit confidence, advised a change of climate. I was engaged in grape-culture in northern Ohio, and decided to look for a locality on the same business in some Southern State. I wrote to a cousin who had gone into the turpentine business in central North Carolina, and he assured me that no better place could be found in the South than the State and neighborhood in which he lived; climate and soil were all that could be asked for, and land could be bought for a mere song. A cordial invitation to visit him while I looked into the matter was accepted. We found the weather delightful at that season, the end of the summer, and were very hospitably entertained. Our host placed a horse and buggy at our disposal, and himself acted as guide until I got somewhat familiar with the country.

I went several times to look at a place which I thought might suit me. It had been at one time a thriving plantation, but shiftless cultivation had well-nigh exhausted the soil. There had been a vineyard of some extent on the place, but it had not been attended to since the time of the war, and had fallen into utter neglect. The vines—here partly supported by decayed and broken-down arbors, there twining themselves among the branches of the slender saplings which had sprung up among them—grew in wild and unpruned luxuriance, and the few scanty grapes which they bore were the undisputed prey of the first comer. The site was admirably adapted to grape-raising; the soil, with a little attention, could not have been better; and with the native grape, the luscious scuppernong, mainly to rely upon, I felt sure that I could introduce and cultivate successfully a number of other varieties.

One day I went over with my wife, to show her the place. We drove between the gate-posts—the gate itself had long since disappeared—and up the straight, sandy lane to the open space where a dwelling-house had once stood. But the house had fallen a victim to the fortunes of war, and nothing remained of it except the brick pillars upon which the sills had rested. We alighted, and walked about the place for a while; but on Annie's complaining of weariness I led the way back to the yard, where a pine log, lying under a spreading elm, formed a shady though somewhat hard seat. One end of the log was already occupied by a venerable-looking colored man. He held on his knees a hat full of grapes, over which he was smacking his lips with great gusto, and a pile of grape-skins near him indicated that the performance was no new thing. He respectfully rose as we approached, and was moving away, when I begged him to keep his seat.

"Don't let us disturb you," I said. "There's plenty of room for us all."

He resumed his seat with somewhat of embarrassment.

"Do you live around here?" I asked, anxious to put him at his ease.

"Yas, suh. I lives des ober yander, behine de nex' san'-hill, on de Lumberton plank-road."

"Do you know anything about the time when this vineyard was cultivated?"

"Lawd bless yer, suh, I know all about it. Dey ain' na'er a man in dis settlement w'at won' tell yer ole Julius McAdoo uz' bawn an' raize' on dis yer same plantation. Is you de Norv'n gemman w'at's gwine ter buy de ole vimya'd?"

"I am looking at it," I replied; but I don't know that I shall care to buy unless I can be reasonably sure of making something out of it."

"Well, suh, you is a stranger ter me, en I is a stranger ter you, en we is bofe strangers ter one anudder, but 'f I 'us in yo' place I wouldn' buy dis vimya'd."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I dunner wh'r you b'lieves in cunj'in er not, — some er de w'ite folks don't, er says dey don't, — but de truf er de matter is dat dis yer ole vimya'd is goophered."

"Is what?" I asked, not grasping the meaning of this unfamiliar word.

"Is goophered, cunju'd, bewitch'."

He imparted this information with such solemn earnestness, and with such an air of confidential mystery, that I felt somewhat interested, while Annie was evidently much impressed, and drew closer to me.

"How do you know it is bewitched?" I asked.

"I would n' spec' fer you ter b'lieve me 'less you know all 'bout de fac's. But ef you en young miss dere doan' min' lis'n'in' ter a ole nigger run on a few minute er two w'ile you er restin', I kin 'splain to yer how it all happen'."

We assured him that we would be glad to hear how it all happened, and he began to tell us. At first the current of his memory — or imagination — seemed somewhat sluggish; but as his embarrassment wore off, his language flowed more freely, and the story acquired perspective and coherence. As he became more and absorbed in the narrative, his eyes assumed a dreamy expression, and he seemed to lose sight of his auditors, and to be living over again in monologue his life on the old plantation.

"Ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo bought dis place long many years befo' de wah, en I 'member well w'en he sot out all dis yer part er de plantation in scuppernon's. De vimes growed monst'us fas', en Mars Dugal' made a thousan' gallon er scuppernon' wine ever'y year.

"Now, ef dey's an'thing a nigger lub, nex' ter 'possum, en chick'n, en watermillyums, it's scuppernon's. Dey ain' nuffin kin stan' up side'n da scuppernon' for sweetness; sugar ain't a suckumstance ter scuppernon'. W'en de season is nigh 'bout ober, en de grapes begin ter swivel up des a little wid de wrinkles er ole age, — w'en de skin git sof' en brown, — den de scuppernon' make you smack yo' lip en roll yo' eye en wush fer mo'; so I reckon it ain' very 'stonishin' dat niggers lub scuppernon'.

"Dey was a sight er niggers in de naberhood er de vimya'd. Dere wus ole Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, en ole Mars Dunkin McLean's niggers, en Mars Dugal's own niggers; den dey wus a settlement er free niggers on po' buckrahs down by de Wim'lton Road, en Mars Dugal' had de only vimya'd in de naberhood. I reckon it ain' so much so nowadays, but befo' de wah, in slab'ry times, er nigger did n' mine goin' fi'er ten mile in a night, w'en dey wus sump'n good ter eat at de yuther een.

"So atter a w'ile Mars Dugal' begin ter miss his scuppernon's. Co'se he 'cuse' de niggers er it, but dey all 'nied it ter de las'. Mars Dugal' sot spring guns en steel traps, en he en de obersesh sot up nights once't er twice't, tel one night Mars Dugal' — he'us a monst' us keerless man — got his leg shot full er cow-peas. But somehow er nudder dey could n' nebber ketch none er de niggers I dunner how it happen, but it happen jes like I tell yer, en de grapes kept' on a-goin jes de same.

"But bimeby ole Mars Dugal' fix' up a plan ter stop it. Dey 'us a cunguh 'ooman livin' down monga' de free niggers on de Wim'lton Road, en all de darkies fum Rockfish ter Beaver Crick wus feared uv her. She could wuk de mos' powerfulles' kind er goopher, — could make people hab fits er rheumatiz, er make 'em des dwin'el away en die; en dey say she went out ridin' de niggers at night, for she wus a witch 'sides bein' a conjuh 'ooman. Mars Dugal' hearn 'bout Aun' Peggy's doin's, en begun ter 'flect whe'r er no he could n' git her ter he'p him keep de niggers off'n de grapevimes. One day in de spring er de year, ole miss pack' up a basket er chick'n en poun'-cake, en a bottle er scuppernon' wine, en Mars Dugal' tuk it in his buggy en driv ober ter Aun' Peggy's cabin. He tuk de basket in, en had a long talk wid Aun' Peggy. De nex' day Aun' Peggy come up ter de vimya'd. De niggers seed her slippin' 'roun', en dey soon foun' out what she 'uz doin' dere. Mars Dugal' had hi'ed her ter goopher de grapevimes. She sa'ntered 'roun' monga' de vimes, en tuk a leaf fum dis one, en a grape-hull fum dat one, en a grape-seed fum anudder one; en den a little twig fum here, en a little pinch er dirt fum dere, — en put it all in a big black bottle, wid a snake 'n toof en a speckle' hen's gall en some ha'rs fum a black cat's tail, en den fill' de bottle wid scuppernon' wine. W'en she got de goopher all ready en fix', she tuk'n went out in de woods en buried it under de root uv a red oak tree, en den come back en tole one er de niggers she done goopher de grapevimes, en s'er nigger w'at eat dem grapes 'ud be sho ter die inside'n twel' mont's.

"Atter dat de niggers let de scuppernon's 'lone, en Mars Dugal' did n' hab no 'casion ter fine no mo' fault; en de season wuz mos' gone, w'en a strange gemman stop at de plantation one night ter see Mars Dugal' on some business; en his coachman, seein' de scuppernon's growin' so nice en sweet, slip 'roun' behine de smoke-house, en et all de scuppernon's he could hole. Nobody did n' notice it at de time, but dat night, on de way home, de gemmen's hoss runned away en kill' de coachman. W'en we hearn de noos, Aun' Lucy, de cook, she up'n say she seed de strange nigger eat'n' er de scuppernon's behine de smoke-house; en den we knowed it de goopher had b'en er wukkin. Den one er de nigger chilluns runned away fum de quarters one day, en got in de scuppernon's, en died de nex' week. W'ite folks say he die' er de fevuh, but de niggers knowed it wuz de goopher. So you k'n be sho de darkies did n' hab much ter do wid dem scuppernon' vimes.

"W'en de scuppernon' season 'uz ober fer dat year, Mars Dugal' foun' he had made fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine; en one er de niggers hearn him laffin' wid de oberseah fit ter kill, en sayin' dem fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine wuz monst'us good intrus' on de ten dollars he laid out on de vimya'd. So I 'low ez he paid Aun' Peggy ten dollars fer to goopher de grapevimes.

"De goopher did n' wuk no mo' tel de nex' summer, w'en 'long to'ds de middle er de season one er de fiel' han's died; en ez dat let' Mars Dungal' sho't er han's, he went off ter town fer ter buy anudder. He fotch de noo nigger home wid 'im. He wuz er ole nigger, er de color er a gingy-cake, en bald en a hosespaple on de top er his head. He wuz a peart ole nigger, do', en could do a big day's wuk.

"Now it happen dat one er de niggers on de nex' plantation, one er ole Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, had runned away de day befo', en tuk ter de swamp, en ole Mars Dugal' en some er de yuther nabor w'ite folks had gone out wid dere guns en dere dogs fer ter he'p 'em hunt fer de nigger; en de han's on our own plantation wuz all so flusterated dat we fuhgot ter tell de noo han' 'bout de goopher on de scuppernon' vimes. Co'se he smell de grapes en see de vimes, an atter dahk de fus' thing he done wuz ter slip off ter de grapevimes 'doubt sayin, nuffin ter nobody. Nex' mawnin' he tole some er de niggers 'bout de fine bait er scuppernon' he et de night befo'.

"W'en dey tole 'im 'bout de goopher on de grapevines, he 'us dat tarrified dat he turn pale, en look des like he gwine ter die right in his tracks. De oberseah come up an axed w'at 'uz de matter; en w'en dey tole 'im Henry he 'n eatin' er de scuppernon's, en got de goopher on 'im, he gin Henry a big drink er w'iskey, en 'low de next rainy day he take 'im ober ter Aun' Peggy's, en see ef she she wouldn' take de goopher off'n him, seein' ez he didn' know nuffin erbout it tel he done et de grapes.

"Sho nuff, it rain de nex' day, en de oberseah went ober ter Aun' Peggy's wid Henry. En Aun' Peggy say dat bein' ez Henry didn' kow 'bout de goopher, en et de grapes in ign'ance er de quinseconces, she reckon she mought be able fer ter take de goopher off'n him. So she fotch out er bottle wid some cunjuh medicine in it, en po'd some out in a go'd fer Henry ter drink. He manage ter ter git it down; he say it tas'e like whiskey wid sump'n bitter in it. She 'lowed dat 'ud keep de goopher off'n him tel de spring; but w'en de sap begin ter rise in de grapevimes he 'lowed he gwine ter see her agin, en she tell him w'at e's ter do.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap commence' ter rise in scuppernon' vime, Henry tuk a ham one night. Whar'd he git de ham? *I* doan know; dey wa'nt no hams on de plantation 'cep'n w'at 'uz in de smoke-house, and *I* never see Henry 'bout de smoke-house. But I wuz a-sayin', he tuk de ham ober ter Aun' Peggy's; en Aun' Peggy tole 'im dat we'en Mars Dugal' begin ter prume de grapevimes, he mus' go en take'n scrape off de sap whar it ooze out'n de cut een's er de vimes, en 'n'int his ball head wid it; en ef he do dat once't a year de goopher wouldn' wuk again 'im long er he done it. En bein' ez he fotch her de ham, she fix' it so he kin eat all de scuppernon' he want.

"So Henry 'n'int his head wid ne sap out'n de big grapevime des ha'f way 'twix' de quarters en de big house, en ee goopher nebber wuk agim dat summer. But de beatenes' thing you ever see happen ter Henry. Up ter dat time he was ez ball ez a 'sweeten' 'tater, but fum dem soon ez de young niggers begun ter come out on de grapevimes de ha'r begun ter grow out on Henry's head, en by de middle er de summer he had de bigges' head er ha'r on de plantation. Befo' dat, Henry had tol'able good ha'r 'roun' de aidges, but soon ez de young grapes begun ter come Henry's ha'r begun ter quir all up in little balls, des like dis yer reg'lar grapy ha'r, en by de time de grapes got ripe his head look des like a buch er grapes. Combin' it didn' do no good; he wuk at it ha'f de night wid er Jim Crow," en think he git straighten' out, but in de mawnin' de grapes' ud be dere des de same. So he gin it up, en tried ter keep de grapes down by havin his ha'r cut sho't.

"But dat wa'nt de quares' thing 'bout de goopher. When Henry come ter de plantation, he wuz gittin' a little ole an stiff in de j'ints. But dat summer he got des ez spry en libely ez any young nigger on de plantation; fac' he got so biggity dat Mars Jackson, de oberseah, ha' ter th'eaten ter whip 'im, ef he didn' stop cutting up his didos en behave hisse'f. But mos' cur'ouses' thing happen' in de fall, when de sap begin ter go down in the grapevimes. Fus', when de grapes 'uz gethered, de knots begun ter straighten out'n Henry's h'ar; en w'en de leaves begin ter drap out; en we'en de vimes 'uz b'ar, Henry's head wux baller'n it wus in de spring, en he begin ter git ole en stiff in de j'ints a gin, en paid no mo' tention ter de gals dyoin' er de whole winter. En nex' spring, w'en he rub de sap on ag'in, he got young ag'in, en so soopl en libely dat none er de young niggers on pe plantation couldn' jump, ner dance, ner hoe es much cotton ez Henry. But de in fall er de year his grapes begun to straighten out, en his j'ints ter get stiff, en his ha'r to drap off, en de rheumatiz begin ter wrastle wid 'im.

"Now, ef you'd a knowed ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo, you'd a knowed dat it ha' ter be a mighty rainy day when he couldn' fine sump'n fer his niggers ter do, en it ha' ter be a mighty little he couldn' crawl thoo, en ha' ter be a monst'us cloudy night we'n a dollar git by him in de dahkness; en w'en he see how Henry git young in de spring en ole in de fall, he 'lowed ter hisse'f ez how he could make mo' money outen Henry dan by wukkin' him in de cotton fiel'. 'Long de nex' spring, atter de sap commence' ter rise, en Henry n'int 'is head en commence fer ter git young en soopl, Mars Dugal' up'n tuk Henry ter town, en sole 'im fer fifteen hunder' dollars. Co'se de man w'at bought Henry did'n know nuffin 'bout de goopher, en Mars Dugal' did'n see no 'casion fer ter tell 'im. Long to'ds de fall, w'en de sap went down, Henry begin ter git ole again same ez yuzhal, en his noo marster begin ter git skeered les'n he gwine ter lose his fifteen-hunder'-dollar nigger. He sent fer a mighty fine doctor, but de med'cine didn' 'pear to do no good; de goopher had a good holt. Henry tole de doctor 'bout de goopher, but de doctor des laff at 'im.

"One day in de winter Mars Dugal' went ter town, en wus santerin' 'long de Main Street, when who should he meet but Henry's noo marster. Dey said 'Hoddy,' en Mars Dugal' ax 'im ter hab a seegyar; en atter dey run on awhile 'bout de craps en de weather, Mars Dugal' ax 'im, sorter kee less, like ex ef he des thought of it,—

"'How you like de nigger I sole you las' spring?'

"'Henry's marster shuck his head en knock de ashes off'n his seegyar.

"'Spec' I made a bad bahgin when I bought dat nigger; Henry done good wuk all de summer, but sence de fall set in 'pears ter be sorter pinin' away. Dey ain' nuffin pertickler de matter wid 'im—leastways de doctor say so— 'cep'n a' a tech er de rheumatix; but his ha'r is all fell out, en ef he don't pick up his stronk mighty soon, I spec' I'm gwine ter lose 'im.

"'Dey smoked on awhile, en bimeby ole mars say, 'Well, a bahgin's a bahgin, but you en me is good fren's, en I doan wan' ter see you lose all de money you paid fer dat nigger; en ef w'at you say is so, en I ain't 'sputin' it, he ain't wuf much now. I spec's you wukked him too ha'd dis summer, er e'se de swamps down here don't agree wid de san'-hill nigger. So you des lemme know, en of he gits any wusser I'll be willin' ter gib yer five hund'ed dollars fer 'im, en take my chances on his livin'.'

"Sho nuff, when Henry begun ter draw up wid de rheumatiz en it look like he gwine tey die fer sho, his noo marster sen' fer Mars Dugal', en Mars Dugal' gin him what he promus, en brung Henry home ag'in. He tuk good keer uv 'im dyoin' er de winter,—give 'im w'at he call fer in his fantastic, en terbacker ter smoke, en all he want ter eat, —'caze a nigger w'at he could make a thousan'-dollars a year off'n didn' grow on eve'y huckleberry bush.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap ris en Henry's ha'r commence' ter sprout, Mars Dugal' sole 'im ag'in, down in Robeson County dis time; en he kep' dat sellin' business up fer five years er mo'. Henry nebbar say nuffin 'bout de goopher ter his noo marsters, 'caze he know he gwine ter be tuk good keer uv de nex' winter, w'en Mars Dugal' buy him back. En Mars Dugal' made 'nuff money off'n Henry ter buy anudder plantation ober on Beaver Crick.

"But long 'bout de een' er dat five year dey come a stranger ter stop at de plantation. De fus' day he 'uz dere he went out wid Mars Dugal' en spent all de mawnin' lookin' ober de vimya'd, en atter dinner dey spent all de evenin' playin' kya'ds. De niggers soon 'skiver' dat he wuz a Yankee, en dat he come down ter Norf C'lina fer ter learn de w'ite folks how to raise grapes en make wine. He promus Mars Dugal' he cud make de grapevimes ba'r twice't ez many grapes, en dat de noo wine-press he wuz a-sellin' would make mo' d'n twice't ez many gallons er wine. En ole Mars Dugal' got drunk it all in, des 'peared ter be bewitched wid dat Yankee. W'en de darkies see dat Yankee runnin' 'round de vimya'd en diggin' under de grapevimes, dey shuk dere heads, en 'lowed dat dey feared Mars Dugal' losin' his min'. Mars Dugal' had all de dirt dug away fum under de roots er all de scuppernon' vimes, an' let 'em stan' dat away fer a week er mo'. Den dat Yankee make de niggers fix up a mixtry er lime en ashes en manyo, en po' it roun' de roots er de grapevimes. Den he 'vise' Mars Dugal' fer ter trim de vimes close't, en Mars Dugal' tuck 'n done eve'ything de Yankee tole him ter do. Dyoin' all er dis time, mind yer, 'e wus libbin' off'n de fat er de lan', at de big house, en playin' kyards wid Mars Dugal' eve'y night; so Mars Dugal' los' mo'n a thousan' dollars dyoin' er de week dat Yankee wuz a runnin' de grapevimes.

"W'en de sap ris nex' spring, ole Henry 'n'inted his head ez yuzhal, en his ha'r commence' ter grow des de same ez it done eve'y year. De scuppernon' vimes growed monst'us fas', en de leaves wuz greener en thicker dan dey eber be'n; dyowin in my remembrance. Henry's ha'r growed out thicker dan eber, en he 'peared ter git younger 'n younger, en soopler 'n soopler; en seein' ez he wuz sho't er han's dat spring, hrvin' tuk in consid'able noo groun', Mars Dougal' 'cluded he would n' sell Henry 'tel he git de crap in en de cotton chop'. So he kep' Henry on de plantation.

"But 'long 'bout time fer de grapes ter come on de scuppernon' vimes, dey 'peared ter come a change ober dem; de leaves wiv-ered en swivel' up, en de young grapes turn' yaller, en bimeby eve'ybody on de plantation could see dat de whole vimya'd wux dyin'. Mars Dugal' sot 'n water de vimes en done all he could, but 't 'wan' no use; de Yankee done bus' de watermillyum. One time de vimes picked up a bit, en Mars Dugal' thought dey wuz gwine ter come out ag'in; but dat Yankee done dug too close unde' de roots, en prune de branches too close ter de vime, en all dat lime en ashes done burn' de life outen de vimes, en dey des kep' a with'in' en a swivelin'.

"All dis time de goopher wuz a-wukkin'. W'en de vimes commence' ter wither, Henry commence' ter complain er his rheumatiz, en when de leaves begin ter dry up his ha'r commence's ter drap out. When de vimes fresh up a bit Henry 'ud git peart agin, en when de vimes wither agin Henry 'ud git ole agin; en des kep' gittin' mo' en mo' outen 'im, he 'uz dies pined away, en fine'ly tuk ter his cabin; en when de big vime whar he got de sap ter 'n'int his head withered en turned yaller en died, Henry died too,—des went out sorter like a cannel. Dey did n't 'pear ter be nuffin de matter wid 'im, 'cep'n de rheumatiz, but his strenk des dwinel away 'tel he did 'n hab ernuff lef' ter draw his bref. De goopher had got de under holt, en th'owed Henry fer good en all dat time.

"Mars Dugal' tuk on might'ly 'bout losin' his vimes en his nigger in de same year; en he swo' dat ef he could git holt er dat Yankee he's wear 'im ter a frazzle, en den chaw up de frazzle; en he'd done it, too, for Mars Dugal' 'uz a monst'us brash man w'en he once git started. He sot de vimya'd out ober agin, but it wuz th'ee er fo' year befo' de vimes got ter b'ar in' any scuppernon's.

"W'en de wah broke out, Mars Dugal' rais' a comp'ny, en went off ter fight de Yankees. He say he wuz mighty glad dat wah come, en he does want ter kill a Yankee fer eve'y dollar he los' 'long er dat grape-raisin' Yankee. En I 'spec' he would a done it, too, ef de Yankees had 'n s'picioned sump'n, en killed him fus'. Atter de s'render ole miss move' ter town, de niggers all scattered 'way fum de plantation, en de vimya'd ain' be'n culteavated sence."

"Is that story true?" asked Annie, doubtfully, but seriously, as the old man concluded his narrative.

"It 's des ez true ez I'm a-settin' here, miss. Dey's a easy way ter prove it: I kin lead de way right ter Henry's grave ober yander in de plantation buryin'-groun'. En I tell yer w'at, marster, I would n't 'vise yer ter buy dis yer ole vimya'd, 'caze de goopher 's on it yit, en dey ain' no tellin' w'en it 's gwine ter crap out."

"But I thought you said all the old vines died."

"Dey did 'pear ter die, but a few ov 'em come out ag'in, en is mixed in monga' de yuthers. I ain' skeered ter eat de grapes, 'caze I knows de old vimes fum de noo ones; but wid strangers dey ain' no tellin' w'at might happen. I would n' 'vise yer ter buy dis vimya'd."

I bought the vineyard, nevertheless, and it has been for a long time in a thriving condition, and is referred to by the local press as a striking illustration of the opportunities open to Northern capital in the development of Southern industries. The luscious scuppernong holds first rank among our grapes, though we cultivate a great many other varieties, and our income from grapes packed and shipped to the Northern markets is quite considerable. I have not noticed any developments of the goopher in the vineyard, although I have a mild suspicion that our colored assistants do not suffer from want of grapes during the season.

I found, when I bought the vineyard, that Uncle Julius had occupied a cabin on the place for many years, and derived a respectable revenue from the neglected grape-vines. This, doubtless, accounted for his advice to me not to buy the vineyard, though whether it inspired the goopher story I am unable to state. I believe, however, that the wages I pay him for his services are more than an equivalent for anything he lost by the sale of the vineyard.

☞ Bystander—"Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries?" Doctor—"Humph! Two of them are undoubtly fatal, but, as for the rest of them time alone can tell."—[Texas siftings.

* A small card, resembling a curry-comb in construction, and used by negroes in the rural districts instead of a comb.

LOVE THE ETERNAL.

I dream of thee, oh Love, in visions flinging
A magic halo round thy saint-like splendor,
And bowed I worship thee, until I render
My soul to thine, until it rises singing
Of Holy Love enthroned.
Where myriad worlds its glorious sway have owned.

I almost died to view a form created
From my heart's chaos, till in glory burning
More bright than stars or moons or suns returning,
Thou cam'st to me in darkling snares belated
And drew me to thy sphere,
And hallowed me to be thine own compeer.

Yea, thine for ever, Love, for passion never
Dies, nor shall die, although sorrow-hidden
Its splendor changes, like the stars cloud-bidden;
Be bright no more that must be bright forever,
That shall forever shine
In awful radiance from the bright divine.
—[The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE MASKED LOVER.

An Unexplained Episode in the Life of a Famous Actress.

MME. ROGER DE BEAUVOIR.

[From the Boston Courier.]

I.

"Listen," said Mlle Mars, as she showed me a magnificent diamond that sparkled on her finger, "I will tell you the story of that ring.

"Sometime in 18—, I played the role of Mademoiselle de Beauval, in Bruels et Palaprat."

"Here a few words of explanation are necessary, that you may have an idea of the piece.

"Bruels and Palaprat were two poets, who were in difficulties. They had written a comedy called Le Grendeur, which is their only hope, and it had been hissed off the stage. What were they to do? and what was to become of them? Already M. Grapin, the sheriff's officer, was at the door. He knocked and entered. The two poets were about to be marched off to prison, when a smiling angel, in the shape of Mademoiselle de Beauval, who, in the play, is said to be a well-known actress, rescued them from their perilous situation and the hands of the law. She, too, the charming woman, had had debts, and knew what it was to be in distress. But she still owned a splendid diamond, which was worth a large sum. So she handed it to Palaprat, who was still free. At this conjuncture the Duc de Vendome, like a *deus ex machina*, arrived on the scene just in time to save Brueis; so that freedom, plenty and joy came back once more into the homes of our two poets. What Mademoiselle de Beauval's precious stone had commenced was brought to a happy close by the princely generosity of the Duc de Vendome.

"The whole of this little plot is tame enough, as you see, yet the play proved a great success.

"On the night of the first performance the stage-manager handed me the so-called diamond ring that was to save the two friends. It was a mere brass hoop set with a bit of glass. I took it without further attention, and after the performance gave it back to one of the theatrical attendants.

"Two days after the same pretty comedy was announced on the boards. This time it drew a crowded house. I was about to go forward on the stage, when, instead of bringing the brass ring of the two days before, the stage manager handed me an elegant steel box in light blue velvet, with a note delicately sealed. A sweet perfume came from the casket. I gazed with astonishment at the message and the messenger.

"'Madam,' said he, 'the box and letter are for you. They were handed in just now.'

"'By whom?' I asked.

"'By a servant in livery, who said you were to place the ring used the day before yesterday by this one.'

"So saying, the stage manager put the jewel box into my hand. I opened it. Judge of my surprise when I found it to contain the most lovely diamond imaginable. I was at first dazzled by the flood of rays which shot out from its rich prison of satin and velvet. Then casting my eyes on the letter, I broke the seal with haste, in the hope of discovering the meaning of so singular an enigma. It read as follows:

"'The ring I saw on Mademoiselle de Beauval's finger is worthy neither of her nor of you. Pray, accept this one, Madame, without hesitation for the present or fear for the future. It harbors no profane thought, no sinful desire. 'Tis the artiste alone is the ring offered. He who sends it will remain through life the most unknown of your admirers; he herewith pledges his word as an honest, upright gentleman to keep his engagement.'

"I sought for a name at the bottom of the note; it was not signed. I felt like refusing the ring, and was loth to put it on my finger. Such generous disinterestedness is so rare that I was mistrustful. Yet, what was I to do? The curtain had risen and the public awaited my appearance. Necessity did away with my scruples.

"I went on the stage. My eyes during the whole performance sought to discover who the writer of the mysterious letter might be. But, it was to no purpose. The spectacle over, I regained my dressing-room, a prey to the most anxious revery.

"The very first thing my chamber-maid noticed was the diamond. I told her how I came by it.

"'Madam,' she said, 'the stone must be a false one.'

"'Why? what makes you think so?'

"'Because,' answered the maid, 'if a real diamond, its value would be enormous; I'm sure it must be spurious.'

"'Really? Well, so much the better! The noble lords who make such presents to a woman on the stage are more often mer-chants who sooner or later claim the amount of their invoices, and I feel in no humor to pay that one.'

"Still, in spite of what I said, I carefully kept by me the letter of my unknown admirer.

"My dressing-room was soon filled by a brilliant swarm of noted personages. I questioned, as it were, every face, but without success. My curiosity was at fault. The hour of departure sounded; the crowd of idle and eloquent folks disappeared. When I was left alone with my maid, the latter said to me in a gay tone of voice:

"'Madame will be much astonished at what I am going to tell her!"

"'What,' I asked briskly, 'have you found out the name of the virtuous knight who wrote the letter?'

"'No,' she answered, 'but now I know what the diamond is worth, which is far preferable.'

"'I looked at her severely.

"'Really, madam,' said the woman, 'you must forgive me. I could bear the thought of it no longer. While you were conversing in your dressing-room, I took the stone and showed it to H., the noted Palais-Royal lapidary. Oh, madam, the splendid diamond! M. H. estimated it to be worth at least 30,000 francs. He said it was perfect, of the purest water he had seen in his life, and he knows.'

"I could not repress a movement of astonishment on hearing this; but I scolded the girl for taking such a step without first consulting me.

"'Well,' she added, with comic seriousness, 'should the invoice be sent round to-morrow, it is well for Madam to know what the ring is worth. When a person is ignorant of what he owes, he is always ill-prepared to pay his debts!'

"Days, months and years went by without my hearing anything about the stranger, as I called my unknown admirer. His diamond lay buried in my jewel case. In fact, I no longer dared to wear it. I looked upon it in the light of some deposit which might be claimed some day by some one. Still, I never could gaze at the gem without a heart-flutter.

"One day, as I was dining at the house of one of the lady artistes of the Comedie-Francaise, an old friend of my mother's hurried round to inform me that all my jewels had been stolen. I hastened home and found my servants in the utmost consternation, and the whole place in disorder. The news was but too true. Thanks to active measures at once taken by the police, and after spending much money I found out the thief. He was arrested, brought before the court, and, as you know, sentenced to hard labor for life. My jewels were nearly all recovered by the police, but smashed and broken to pieces. Alas! the mysterious ring which I prized above all else, was among the missing stones, which it was impossible to find; and as the singularity of the adventure which had put it into my hands, rendered it doubly precious in my eyes, I felt its loss more seriously than any other of my gems."

II.

"A few years later, the Baronne de B. invited me to a grand masked ball. The whole Parisian society of fashion, wit, celebrity and distinction was expected to attend on that occasion. How shall I paint you a picture of the fete. It was an enchanted night.

"Not until three o'clock in the morning had struck did I think about retiring.

"Just as I passed through the door of a small boudoir, which a signal from the ball-room had emptied of its occupants, a hand was placed on my arm.

"I started and gazed with a sort of terror at the bold and enterprising phantom who stood still in front of me.

"'Do not be alarmed, my dear child, nor open those large, curious eyes.'

"'There was certainly no cause to warrant any alarm on my part, for the adventurous phantom was an elegant cavalier. A mask concealed his face; but, in spite of the care he took to hide himself, I soon discovered—for woman has a quick eye—that I had to do with a slim form and a white and delicate hand, which betrayed the gentleman. He wore the costume of the grand seigneurs in the time of Charles VII. A small flat cap plaited all round, in blue velvet, with a broach of sparkling diamonds at the top, was proudly poised on his head, and set off to advantage the large, lustrous locks of dark hair that shone beneath it. I guessed from his gait and movements, which were full of nobleness and rivacity, that the man was young and of high lineage.

"We both kept silent for a time, looking at one another.

"'Have you forgotten the representation of 'Bruels et Palaprat?' he at last enquired, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"'No,' I answered, full of astonishment; 'how should I have forgotten?'

"'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' said he, as he warmly pressed my hand in his. 'That is the remembrance of the heart, and I had no right to lay claim to it; oh, it is the best, for it never effaces itself! The other has disappeared; did you regret it?'

"'As he spoke, he emphasized the word other in a manner which went through my soul. There was no mistaking his meaning.

"'Yes,' I exclaimed, carried away in spite of my efforts to remain calm; 'yes I did regret it, not on account of its value, but because it was fraught with a mystery calculated to engross and trouble the imagination of a woman and an artiste!'

"'And if you should find it again, would you experience some joy?'

"'A very great joy, I assure you.'

"'Especially,' added he, with a point of sadness in his voice, 'if given back to you surrounded with its romantic aureola?'

"'Yes, even then,' I answered, while my whole frame thrilled with an emotion which I was unable to control.

"My heart throbbed violently. I had lost all consciousness of the surroundings and locality where the scene took place, all concern as to the lights and revellers and brilliancy of the feast. My thoughts were all in the past, all given up to reminiscence, all centered in him whom chance had thus, after so many years, brought once more close beside me. My hand rested in his; he pressed it with tender warmth, and his lips imprinted on it a kiss.

"But I give up attempting to analyze what I then experienced. I felt that I had a thousand questions to ask him, and they all froze on my tongue before I could utter them.

"He gazed at me a few seconds, as if a prey to some awful and inward strife; I was without courage either to question or to retain him; then he suddenly rose and flew to the door, saying:

"'A man of honor must sacrifice the most imperious desires of his heart to his word. You have my promise, Madam, and at whatever cost, I shall remain the most *unknown of your admirers*. Farewell, farewell forever!'

"I fell back faint with emotion; my hand involuntarily went up to my lips and I uttered a scream, for there, on my finger, again shone the diamond of 'Bruels et Palaprat.' Indeed, although my eyes through their tears were unable to distinguish the gorgeous gem, my heart told me it was the same lovely stone. I rushed through the rooms belonging to the Baronne de B., without being able to find this strange man; he had left the ball.

"'What?' I said, after a moment of silence, 'you have never met your unknown admirer?'

"'Never,' answered Mlle Mars, in a sad tone of voice.

"'What a pity that rings do not speak, then,' I exclaimed.

"'My dear girl,' said Mlle. Mars, "what are you thinking about? Why, let me ask, what would become of us if our jewels got to telling tales?'

HE GOT AWAY.

The Fugitive Slave Law Did Not Work Well in the Army.

[Washington Tribune.]

During the summer of 1863, among the troops composing the command of Col. Graham, 5th Ind. Cav., —commandant of the post,—at Glasgow, Ky., was the Elgin battery, Ill. Art. A darky had joined the battery and was doing duty as cook to the officers' mess. Aaron soon became a favorite with the battery and other soldiers. There were rumors in camp that he was a runaway chattel, absent from his "Old Kentucky Home" "without leave."

One day Lieut. L. G. Jeffers was in command of the battery, the other officers being out of camp. He was lounging in his tent, when in rushed Aaron, apparently in too great haste to stand upon the order of his coming, or going either. He dashed through and disappeared at the back door, his eyes the size of the bottom of a teacup. The Lieutenant, as by instinct, took in the situation. Within two minutes after the negro disappeared the form of a stalwart Kentuckian darkened the front entrance. Evidently he had seen the "boy" enter and was in about as much haste to get through as he had been. When he had got well inside Lieut. Jeffers sprung at a bound in his front, and with a look of terribly-offended dignity said:

"Who the d——l are you, sir, who presume to enter my tent so unceremoniously?"

"Why—a——a—nigger ju—just this minute went through here."

"Well, sir, what business have you to question the movements of my servant?"

"To me—to me—a—an officer!"

"You an officer! Where is your uniform?"

"Oh, sir; I—I—I'm a deputy sheriff."

"A civil officer, are you. What brings you here?"

"I'm after that nigger!"

"Have you any authority to rush into my tent after that nigger?"

"Yes—yes," glancing nervously toward the rear of the tent, his desire being evident to proceed in that direction. "I've got the papers."

"Let me see them?"

He fumbled nervously for a minute